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JUDSON OF BURMA

THE HEROIC PIONEER MISSIONARY
TO THE BURMESE WHO FOR THE
WELFARE OF OTHERS FACED EVERY
PERIL AND DARED EVERY DANGER

BY

ALFRED MATHIESON

Editor of "The King's Message."
Author of "The Romance of Redemption
as revealed in the Book of Ruth," etc.



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JUDSON OF BURMA

THE HEROIC PIONEER MISSIONARY

CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR MISSIONARY

LADY MISSIONARIES IN MANY LANDS

BURMA : WEST INDIES : ABYSSINIA

ZULULAND : FRIENDLY ISLANDS : FIJI

Preface

MY deep admiration for Dr. Adoniram Judson, together with the fact that there was so little literature extant in Britain concerning this noble missionary, led me to undertake the task. I felt that this side the Atlantic there should be a far wider knowledge of the brave pioneer, who, amidst indescribable sufferings, heralded the unsearchable riches of Christ in Burma. Very much more could have been written from the mass of material at hand—gathered by the labour of others, to whom I am indebted—but circumstances over which I had no control enforced a limitation of the volume. My fervent hope is that the reading of the book will kindle missionary zeal, prove a stimulus to faith—as in my own life—and lead all who acknowledge Christ as Saviour and Lord to the determination to endure for Him even unto death.

ALFRED MATHIESON.

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Judson of Burma

CHAPTER I

Day Dawn of a New Apostle

How great is the liberty we enjoy in these favoured lands of ours, a priceless heritage, obtained by great struggle, and bequeathed to us by our fathers. But it was not always so. There were many dark days for our fathers who desired liberty of conscience, and liberty to worship God in simplicity according to His Word. And through the intolerance of kings and bishops many saintly Englishmen were driven to seek an abiding place on the shores of another land. Like a beacon light, stands out in history, the moving account of the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers, who, sailing in the "Mayflower" and "Speedwell," sought, in the new world across the Atlantic, now known as the United States, a new home, and the liberty which was denied them in their own land.

Fourteen years after, in the year 1634, there

followed William Judson, a Yorkshireman, who, taking with him his three sons, Joseph, Jeremiah, and Joshua, emigrated to the new land of America. The Biblical names indicate the Puritan home, which was abandoned here and set up at Stratford, Connecticut. Through the son Joseph descended Adoniram Judson, who became a Congregational minister and married a godly woman named Abigail Brown.

Soon after his marriage he settled in Malden, Massachusetts, and here his eldest son was born, and also named Adoniram, who became the famous missionary.

Above the average height, the father was a man of decidedly imposing appearance. Tall, erect, and grave in manner, when age had whitened his hair, his venerable figure was an admirable study for a portrait of one of the old Pilgrim Fathers. The boy's affection for his father must have been deeply tinged with awe, for Mr. Judson was very strict in his domestic administration. He had a vigorous mind, resolute will, and strong common sense. Through life he was esteemed a man of inflexible integrity and uniform consistency of Christian character.

Adoniram at an early age gave promise of unusual ability. Amiable in temper, his intellect was acute, his power of acquisition great, and his perseverance unflagging. Self-reliant, he generally became acknowledged leader in the circles in which he moved.

Great is the influence of a mother upon her boy, and it was at his mother's knee that Adoniram learned to read, at the age of three. Whilst his father was on a short journey, the mother, wishing to surprise her husband, took the opportunity, during his absence, to teach her boy to read. To the astonishment of the father on his return, he found that the child was able in an easy manner to read through a chapter of the Bible.

Early premonition was given of his future life work, for when he was in his fourth year he used to collect the children of the neighbourhood, and, standing on a chair before them, gravely conduct a religious service. It was noted that he usually gave out a hymn beginning, "Go preach My Gospel, saith the Lord."

Until Adoniram was four-and-a-half years the family lived in Malden. During that time his sister was born, Abigail Brown Judson,

whom he greatly loved. She was the companion of his childhood, and into her ear he poured his confidences. In fact she became his life-long confidant.

In January, 1793, the family removed to Wenham, Massachusetts, a village about twenty miles north-east of Boston, where Adoniram lived until he was twelve years old. His brother Elnathan was born here, and also his sister Mary, only to die six months later. Upon such a boy, this first contact with death must have left its impression.

It became obvious that Adoniram was unique in intellectual attainment, and he was one of those boys who would rather pore over books than play. Vivid reminiscences of his young days have been left by his sister, and we leave her to tell the story as it came from her pen.

“Adoniram was about seven years old when, having been duly instructed that the earth is a spherical body, and that it revolves around the sun, it became a serious question in his mind, whether or not the sun moved at all. He might have settled the point by asking his father or mother, but that would have spoiled all his

pleasant speculations, and probably would have been the last thing to occur to him. His little sister, whom alone he consulted, said the sun did move, for she said she could see it; but he had learned already, in this matter, to distrust the evidence of his senses, and he talked so wisely about positive proof that she was astonished and silenced. Soon after this he was one day missed about midday; and as he had not been seen for several hours, his father became uneasy, and went in search of him. He was found in a field, at some distance from the house, stretched on his back, his hat with a circular hole cut in the crown, laid over his face, and his swollen eyes almost blinded with the intense light and heat. He only told his father that he was looking at the sun; but he assured his sister that he had solved the problem with regard to the sun's moving, though she never could comprehend the process by which he arrived at the result.

“He was noted among his companions for uncommon acuteness in the solution of charades and enigmas, and retained a great store of them in his memory for the purpose of puzzling his schoolfellows. On one occasion he found

in a newspaper an enigma rather boastfully set forth, and accompanied by a challenge for a solution. He felt very sure that he had 'guessed at riddles as hard as that,' and gave himself no rest until he had discovered a satisfactory answer. This he copied out in as fair a hand as possible, addressed it to the editor, and with no confidant but his sister, conveyed it to the post office. But the postmaster supposed it to be some mischievous prank of the minister's son, and accordingly placed the letter in the hands of the father. The poor boy's surprise and discomfiture may be imagined when he saw it paraded on the table after tea. 'Is that yours, Adoniram?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How came you to write it?' Silence. 'What is it about?' Falteringly, 'Please read it, father.' 'I do not read other people's letters. Break the seal and read it yourself.' Adoniram broke the seal, and mumbled over the contents, then placed the letter in his father's hands. He read it, called for the newspaper which had suggested it, and after reading and re-reading both, laid them on the table, crossed his hands on his knees, and looked intently into the fire. Meantime Adoniram stood silently watching his counten-

ance, speculating on the chances of his being treated as a culprit, or praised for his acuteness. But the father woke from his reverie, the subject of conversation was changed, and the letter never heard of afterwards. The next morning Adoniram's father gravely informed him that he had purchased for his use a book of riddles, a very common one, but as soon as he had solved all that it contained he should have more difficult books. 'You are a very acute boy, Adoniram,' he added, patting him on the head with unusual affection, 'and I expect you to become a great man.' Adoniram seized upon the book of riddles joyfully, and was a good deal surprised and disappointed to find it the veritable arithmetic which the larger boys in Master Dodge's school were studying. But then his father had praised him, and if there was anything puzzling in arithmetic he was sure he should like it, and so he prepared to enter upon the study with alacrity.

"Before reaching his tenth year he had gained quite a reputation for good scholarship, especially in arithmetic. A gentleman residing in the neighbouring town of Beverley, sent him a problem, with the offer of a dollar for the

solution. Adoniram immediately shut himself in his chamber. The reward was tempting, but more important still, his reputation was at stake. On the morning of the second day he was called from his seclusion to amuse his little brother, who was ill. He went reluctantly, but without murmuring, for the government of his parents was of a nature that no child would think of resisting. His task was to build a cob house. He laid an unusually strong foundation, with unaccountable slowness and hesitation, and was deliberately proceeding with the superstructure when suddenly he exclaimed, 'That's it! I've got it!' and sending the materials for the half-built house rolling about the room, he hurried off to his chamber to record the result. The problem was solved, the dollar was won, and the boy's reputation established.

"At the age of ten he was sent to a Captain Morton, of whom he took lessons in navigation, in which he is said to have made decided progress. In the grammar school he was noted for his proficiency in the Greek language. His schoolmates nicknamed him 'Virgil,' or (in allusion to the peculiar style of hat which he

wore, as well as to his studious habits), 'old Virgil dug up.'

"As a boy he was spirited, enthusiastic, and energetic, but preferred books to games. He was very fond of desultory reading, and as there were no books for children at that period, he alternated between the books of theology, found in his father's library, and the novels of Richardson and Fielding, or the plays of Ben Jonson, which he was able to borrow in the neighbourhood. It is not probable that his father encouraged this latter class of reading, but the habits of self-dependence, which he had thought proper to cultivate in his son, left his hours of leisure mostly untrammelled; and seeing the greediness with which the boy occasionally devoured books of the gravest character, it very likely had not occurred to him that he could feel the least possible interest in any work of imagination.

"Before Adoniram was twelve years of age he had heard visitors at his father's talk a great deal of a new exposition of the Revelation, which they pronounced a work of rare interest. Now, the Revelation was the book that of all others in the Bible he delighted most

to read, and he had searched the few commentators his father possessed without getting much light upon its mysteries. The new exposition was owned by a very awe-inspiring gentleman in the neighbourhood, but Adoniram felt he *must* have it, and after combating a long time with his bashfulness, he at last determined on begging the loan of it. He presented himself in the great man's library, and was coldly and sternly refused. For once his grief and mortification were so great that he could not conceal the affair from his father. He received more sympathy than he anticipated. 'Not lend it to you!' said the good man, indignantly; 'I wish *he* could understand it half as well. You shall have books, Adoniram, just as many as you can read, and I'll go to Boston myself for them.' He performed his promise, but the desired work on the Revelation, perhaps for judicious reasons, was not obtained."

In the year 1800 the family removed to Braintree, Mass., and two years later, when Adoniram was fourteen years old, took up their abode in the old historic town of Plymouth.

CHAPTER II

Musings that Mattered

ADONIRAM'S mental capacity was developed beyond his years, and in his passion for study, it is not to be wondered at that his assiduous poring over books brought the inevitable breakdown. At this time his studies were interrupted by a serious illness; he was reduced to a state of extreme weakness, and for a long time his recovery was doubtful. His illness does not appear to have been due to anything lacking in his constitution, but simply because of his studious habits. All books and studies had to be laid aside, and for twelve months he was unable to pursue his customary occupations. Because of his incessant study he had not given much time to thought, but now in his enfeebled state, unable to read, he had ample time for reflection. And in his long dreary days he mused over the plans and course of his future career. Great were his plans and extravagant his ambitions, but this should hardly surprise us from one of such a studious character.

Lying there in his room, he built his castles and soared high. The remarkable flights of his imagination and his outlook upon life during this period have been preserved, and we have mirrored the workings of his mind.

“Now he was an orator, now a poet, now a statesman, but whatever his character or profession, he was sure in his castle building to attain to the highest eminence. After a time one thought crept into his mind, and embittered all his musings. Suppose he should attain to the very highest pinnacle of which human nature is capable; what then? Could he hold his honours for ever? His favourites of other ages had long since been turned to dust, and what was it to them that the world still praised them? What would it be to him when a hundred years had gone by, that America had never known his equal? He did not wonder that Alexander wept when at the summit of his ambition; he felt very sure that he would have wept, too. Then he would become alarmed at the extent of his own wicked soarings, and try to comfort himself with the idea that it was all the result of fever in his brain.”

Here we view the youth sailing out on his ocean of fancy, with a mind perhaps overwrought. Nevertheless we have pictured his great personal ambition not yet directed into the true channel. But his mind was searching the future, and in his unusually developed state, and amidst his religious surroundings, he could hardly escape facing the ways of life. To the parting of the ways he had not yet come, and the new life which he was to adorn he had not yet entered.

As we follow his musings, recorded by the loving hand of his confidant, we realise that he was probing the realities of life.

“One day his mind reverted to religious pursuits. Yes, an eminent divine was very well, though he should, of course, prefer something more brilliant. Gradually, and without his becoming aware of his own train of thought, his mind instituted a comparison between the great worldly divine toiling for the same perishable objects as his other favourites, and the humble minister of Gospel the labouring only to please God and benefit his fellow-men. There was (so he thought) a sort of sublimity about that after all. Surely the

world was all wrong, or such a self-abjuring man would be its hero. Ah, but the good man had a reputation more enduring. Yes, yes, his fame was sounded before him as he entered the other world; and that was the only fame worthy of the possession, because the only one that triumphed over the grave. Suddenly, in the midst of his self-gratulation, the words flashed across his mind, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy Name be the glory.' He was confounded. Not that he had actually made himself the representative of this last kind of greatness; it was not sufficiently to his taste for that; but he had ventured on dangerous ground, and he was startled by a flood of feelings that had till now remained dormant. He had always said and thought, so far as he had thought anything about it, that he wished to become truly religious; but now religion seemed so entirely opposed to all his ambitious plans, that he was afraid to look into his heart lest he should discover what he did not like to confess—even to himself—that he did not want to become a Christian. He was fully awake to the vanity of worldly pursuits, and was, on the whole, prepared to yield

the palm of excellence to religious ones, but his father had often said he would one day be a great man, and a great man he resolved to be."

Yes, he was to be a great man, but not in the manner he now anticipated. Marvellous are the ways of God in dealing with us, and this choice soul was yet to learn the worthlessness of worldly ambition and to be guided into His channel to fulfil His plan and purpose. Like Paul of old, this chosen vessel was to be shown how he must serve, and how great things he must suffer for His Name's sake in penetrating the deep darkness of heathendom with the light of the glorious Gospel. But it was not yet.

CHAPTER III

Wanderings that Wearied

As the days went by he gradually recovered strength, until he was able to face the duties of study and finish his education.

In 1804 Adoniram entered Providence College, now Brown University. He was in his sixteenth year, and entered a year in advance. Twelve months leeway had now to be made up, and he was obliged to devote himself very closely to his studies, and seldom gave himself any respite, even during the vacations. Ambitious to excel, he was a hard student. In the same class was a keen and clever student named John Bailey, who ultimately became a Member of Congress, and who, proving a powerful rival, whetted Adoniram's ambition.

Obtaining first place in the commencement exercises, his delight knew no bounds, and hurrying to his room, Adoniram wrote: "Dear Father, I have got it. Your affectionate son, A. J." He then took a circuitous route to the post office, that he might quiet the beating of

his heart, and appear with propriety before his class-mates, and especially before his rival friend.

His ability was highly esteemed at college, and in a letter to his father, the president, Dr. Asa Messar, warmly praised him. The letter concluded thus: "I most heartily pray that the Father of mercies may make him now while a youth, a son in His spiritual family, and give him an earnest of the inheritance of the saints in light."

This prayer was certainly echoed in the hearts of Adoniram's father and mother, but they were yet to see their son indulge in wanderings that wearied, ere their prayers were fully answered.

The seeds of infidelity, the production of the French Revolution, had been wafted across the ocean and scattered throughout the land, producing their evil crop of tares.

An amiable, talented, witty young man, by the name of E——, in the class above young Judson, had imbibed the ideas, and between the young men a very strong friendship sprang up. During the days they were together the infidel notions came up for discussion, and they also often reverted to the subject of a pro-

fession, considering the scope for their ambition in law, politics, or the drama. The influence of this fascinating personality had its evil effects upon the youth, so far safeguarded from infidel ideas, and resulted in young Judson becoming, or at least professedly so, as great an unbeliever as his friend. Thus was his feet led into bypaths that lead to spiritual ruin.

On 2nd September, 1807, Adoniram graduated as Bachelor of Arts, and on the 17th of the same month he opened a private school in Plymouth, the home town of his parents. In February, 1808, his "Elements of English Grammar" was published, and in the following July, "The Young Lady's Arithmetic," which was at the time a valuable text book for schools. The preparation of these works, in addition to the labours of a school, shows his mental calibre and enterprising labour.

A month later he closed the school, determined on gaining a further experience of life. The narrative of his wanderings, so full of interest as related by his sister, we now set forth.

"Before setting out on his tour he unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had

been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on to his own destruction. His mother also was no less distressed, and she wept and prayed, and expostulated. He knew his superiority to his father's argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him now wherever he went. He knew that he was on the verge of a life such as he despised. For the world he would not see a younger brother in his perilous position, but 'I,' he thought, 'am in no danger. I am only seeing the world, the dark side of it as well as the bright; and I have too much self-respect to do anything mean or vicious.'

"After visiting some of the New England states, he left the horse, with which his father had furnished him, with an uncle in Sheffield, Connecticut, and proceeded to Albany, to see the wonder of the world, the newly invented Robert Fulton steamer. She was about to proceed on her second trip to New York, and he gladly took passage on her. The magni-

ificent scenery of the Hudson had then excited comparatively little attention, and its novelty and sublimity could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on one of Judson's ardent and adventurous spirit. Indeed, during his last illness, he described it with all the enthusiasm that he might have done in his youth. His name was frequently mistaken for that of Johnson; and it occurred to him that in the novel scenes before him he might as well use this convenient disguise, in order to see as deeply into the world as possible. He therefore, without actually giving out the name with distinctness, or ever writing it down, became Mr. Johnson. He had not been long in New York before he contrived to attach himself to a theatrical company, not with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarizing himself with its regulations, in case he should enter upon its literary projects, and partly from curiosity and partly from love of adventure.

"After seeing what he wished of New York, he returned to Sheffield for his horse, intending to pursue his journey westward. His uncle, Rev. Ephraim Judson, was absent, and a very

pious young man occupied his place. His conversation was characterized by a godly sincerity, a solemn but gentle earnestness, which addressed itself to the heart, and Judson went away deeply impressed.

“The next night he stopped at a country inn. The landlord mentioned, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young man who was exceedingly ill, probably in a dying state, but he hoped it would occasion him no uneasiness: Judson assured him that, beyond pity for the poor sick man, he should have no feeling whatever, and that now having heard of the circumstance his pity would not of course be increased by the nearness of the object. But it was, nevertheless, a very restless night. Sounds came from the sick chamber—sometimes the movements of the watchers, sometimes the groans of the sufferer, but it was not these which disturbed him. He thought of what the landlord had said—the stranger was probably in a dying state; and was he prepared? Alone, and in the dead of night, he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his philosophy.

What would his late companions say to his weakness? The clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? But still his thoughts *would* revert to the sick man. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a 'free-thinker,' educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord had described him as a *young* man, and in imagination he was forced to place himself upon the dying bed, though he strove with all his might against it. At last morning came, and the bright flood of light which it poured into his chamber dispelled all his 'superstitious illusions.' As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired for his fellow-lodger. 'He is dead,' was the reply. 'Dead!' 'Yes, he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night.' 'Do you know who he was?' 'O, yes; it was a young man from Providence College—a very fine fellow; his name was E——.' Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed,

he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, 'Dead! lost! lost!' were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth, and he was in despair. In this state of mind he resolved to abandon his scheme of travelling, and at once turned his horse's head towards Plymouth."

The circumstances of this tragic event burned its impression on his soul, but as yet there was no yielding to God. The conflict with doubt still raged. He was like a ship tossed upon the sea, but he was nearing the safe and happy anchorage.

CHAPTER IV

Decision Fixing Destiny

AT this crisis the Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. Moses Stuart, both Professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover, visited Adoniram's father, and proposed to him that his son should enter that seminary. Adoniram did not at first consent to the proposal, and engaged himself as an assistant to a teacher. This situation, however, he soon relinquished, and proceeded to Andover to enter the seminary. In October, 1808, he arrived at Andover, and was received into the theological institution. As he was not a professing Christian, nor a candidate for the ministry, he was admitted only by special favour. He commenced the studies of the second year, and to do so shows his proficiency in the languages of the Old and New Testaments.

At this time he had not found forgiveness through Christ. He had become thoroughly dissatisfied with the views which he had formerly cherished, was convicted of his sinful-

ness and his need of a great moral transformation. Yet he doubted the authenticity of revealed religion, and clung to the deistical ideas which he had lately imbibed. His mind did not readily yield to the force of evidence, but his is by no means an uncommon case; nor is it difficult of explanation. A deep-seated dislike to the humbling doctrines of the Cross frequently assumes the form of inability to apply the common principles of evidence to the case of revealed religion.

Mr. Judson's moral nature was, however, thoroughly roused, and he was deeply in earnest on the subject of religion. The Professors of the seminary encouraged his residence there, wisely judging that so diligent an inquirer must soon arrive at the truth. The result justified their anticipations. In the calm retirement of Andover, guided in his studies by men of learning and piety, with nothing to distract his attention from the great concerns of eternity, light gradually dawned upon his mind, and he was enabled to surrender his whole soul to Christ as his atoning Saviour. This occurred about six weeks after his arrival at Andover. On the 2nd December, 1808, as

he has recorded, he made a solemn dedication of himself to God. In May, 1809 he made a public confession of Christ, and joined the Third Congregational Church, in Plymouth, of which his father was pastor.

The change wrought in Mr. Judson was deep and real. With simplicity of purpose he yielded himself up once and for ever to the will of God, and, without a shadow of misgiving, relied upon Christ as his all-sufficient Saviour. From the moment of his conversion he seems never through life to have been harassed by a doubt of his acceptance. The new creation was so manifest to his consciousness that in the most decided manner he had the witness in himself. His plan of life was, of course, entirely reversed. He banished for ever those dreams of literary and political fame in which he had formerly indulged, his paramount desire being to live a consecrated life and to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing." A letter written by him reveals the new passion in his life.

"It is now half after nine, and I have been sitting fifteen minutes with my pen in hand thinking how to begin. I have this day

attained more than ever to what I suppose Christians mean by the enjoyment of God. I have had pleasant seasons at the throne of God. Those lines of Watts' have been very sweet to me:

“Till Thou hast brought me to my home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy countenance let me often see,
And often Thou shalt hear from me.”

“God is waiting to be gracious, and is willing to make us happy in religion, if we would not run away from Him. We refuse to open the window shutters, and complain that it is dark. We grieve the Holy Spirit by little sins, and thus lose our only support. Perhaps the secret of living a holy life is to avoid everything which will displease God and grieve the Spirit, and to be strictly attentive to the means of grace. God has promised that He will regard the man that is of a broken and contrite spirit, and trembleth at His Word. He has promised that they that wait upon Him shall renew their strength. The Almighty, the immutably faithful, has made the promise. He is not a man that He should lie, and His arm is not of flesh. Wait then upon the Lord.

“Let us, then, each morning, resolve to send the day into eternity in such a garb as we shall wish it to wear for ever. And at night let us reflect that one more day is irrevocably gone, indelibly marked.”

CHAPTER V

Vision of the Vocation

AN offer of a tutorship in Brown University was made to him in June, 1809, which he declined; and in September, at the age of twenty-one, he began to consider seriously the subject of foreign missions. His first year of study at Andover had now been completed, and another year of the theological course remained.

At this time there came into his hands the copy of a sermon preached in Bristol, England, by Dr. Claudius Buchanan—formerly a chaplain in the service of the East India Company—entitled “The Star in the East.” Taking for his text Matthew 2. 2, Dr. Buchanan declared the evidences of the power of the Gospel in the East to overthrow the strongholds of Satan and set the captives free, and described the progress of the Gospel in India, especially the blessing upon the labours of the venerable German missionary, Dr. Schwartz. Reading the sermon, Judson heard the old Macedonian

At Williamstown, on the spot where now stands the famous Haystack Monument, these young men consecrated themselves to the work of foreign missions, and poured out their fervent prayers for the conversion of souls in heathen lands.

Another student, Samuel Nott, Jun., with whom the Holy Spirit had also been dealing with regard to the mission field, joined the band. Together at Andover they conversed and prayed over the heathen and laboured to kindle the missionary flame in the seminary. The communion with these kindred and glowing spirits was as fuel to the flame in Judson's heart. One day he was walking, meditative and prayerful, in the woods at the back of the college. He was uncertain as to his duty, but whilst in this attitude of waiting upon God, his mind was suddenly affected by the words of Christ: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." This came as an authoritative charge from God, and henceforth he had no hesitation as to his sphere of service. In February, 1810, he definitely consecrated himself to foreign missionary work.

But there were difficulties in the way, and

he knew that his decision was running counter to all the hopes of his parents. The winter vacation he spent with them in Plymouth, and up to that time they were unaware of his missionary views. He had an exceeding great reluctance to break the matter to his father, because of his ambitions with regard to him. One evening his father informed him that Dr. Griffin had proposed him as his colleague "in the largest church in Boston. And you will be so near home," added his mother. Realising how great would be their disappointment, Adoniram could not for the moment answer them. But when his sister dilated on the prospect, he said, "No, sister, I shall never live in Boston. I have much further to go." Calmly and steadily he told them of his consecration to God for the foreign field, and though his mother and sister shed many tears, his father scarcely offered a word of opposition. Wisely he acquiesced to the inevitable.

Mr. Judson, however, was not to go to the mission field alone. He became betrothed to Miss Ann Hasseltine, of Bradford, but not without placing before her his determination concerning the mission field, and asking if

she, too, was willing to leave all and follow the Lord in this way.

In a frank, manly letter to her father he wrote asking his consent to their marriage. Like Abraham of old, this godly father yielded up his loved one at the call of God, and remains a shining example to all Christian parents.

Mr. Judson was equally frank to Miss Haseltine, so that she might arrive at a decision fully understanding what was involved, and in a letter to her from which we quote he forecasts the future.

“May this be the year in which you will change your name; on which you will take final leave of your relatives and native land; in which you will cross the wide ocean, and dwell on the other side of the world, among a heathen people. What a great change will this year probably effect in our lives! How very different will be our situation and employment! If our lives are preserved and our attempt prospered, we shall next new year’s day be in India and perhaps wish each other a happy new year in the uncouth dialect of Hindustan or Burmah. We shall no more see our friends’ around us, or enjoy the conveniences of civilised life, or go

to the house of God with those that keep holy day; but swarthy countenances will everywhere meet our eye, the jargon of an unknown tongue will assail our ears, and we shall witness the assembling of heathen to celebrate the worship of idol gods. We shall be weary of the world, and wish for wings like a dove that we may fly away and be at rest. We shall probably experience seasons when we shall be 'exceeding sorrowful even unto death.' We shall see many dreary, disconsolate hours, and feel a sinking of spirits, anguish of mind, of which now we can form little conception. O, we shall wish to lie down and die, and that time may soon come. One of us may be unable to sustain the heat of the climate and the change of habits; and the other may say, with literal truth, over the grave:

'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned.'

But whether we shall be honoured and mourned by strangers God only knows. At least, either of us will be certain of one mourner. In view of such scenes, shall we not pray with earnestness, 'O for overcoming faith.' "

Miss Hasseltine carefully considered Mr. Judson's proposal of marriage, and gave herself to prayer and much heart-searching. It was not easy to decide in view of his call to the foreign field. She had no example to guide her, and no prospect at this time of having any female companion in the mission field. She fully realised the many sacrifices that she would be called upon to make, and felt the need of being convinced that this was a call of God. Her decision required great heroism, for thus far no woman had left America as a missionary, and many friends opposed the undertaking as wild and visionary. But the decision was made, and she yielded herself to God for His great work.

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The Board, however, fearing that the missionary interest in the churches was not sufficiently aroused to give the necessary support, and that they would not be able to provide for the enterprise, sent Mr. Judson to England, to confer with the London Missionary Society, and seek their co-operation.

Little did Adoniram Judson dream of the adventure that was to befall him ere he arrived in England. At this time war was raging with Napoleon, on land and sea, and Europe was suffering troublous times.

On January 11, 1811, Mr. Judson embarked on the English ship "Packet," but, alas, out at sea they were met by the French privateer "L'Invincible," and captured. Mr. Judson, with the sailors, was put in the hold of the French vessel. What with the close confinement and the rough voyage, Mr. Judson became very ill, and the doctor who visited him day by day could do little for him, because of his inability to speak French. Sick and sorrowful, he cried to God, and turned to his Hebrew Bible for comfort, managing for a few moments at a time to read it in the dim light. He amused himself by translating the Hebrew

passages into Latin. One day the doctor observed the Bible on the pillow, took it up, stepped towards the gangway and examined it, then returned and addressed his patient in Latin. Through the medium of this language, Mr. Judson managed to explain who he was, and he was consequently admitted to a berth in the upper cabin, and a seat at the captain's table.

Arriving at Bayonne, Mr. Judson, to his surprise and indignation, found himself marched through the streets in company with the crew of the "Packet." He had as yet acquired only a few words of French, which he made as much use of as possible to the great amusement of the passers-by. Finally it occurred to him that he was more likely to meet someone, either a native or a foreigner, who understood English, than to make his broken French intelligible. Accordingly he commenced declaiming vigorously against oppression in general, and his own case in particular. The guards threatened him with gestures, but did not proceed to violence. At last a stranger accosted him in English, advising him to lower his voice. "With the greatest pleasure possible," he

answered, "if I have at last succeeded in making myself heard." In a few hurried words Judson explained his situation, and in words as few, learned that the gentleman was an American from Philadelphia, and received his promise of assistance.

The prison was a gloomy-looking, massive structure, and the room into which they were conveyed was under ground, dark and dismal. In the centre was a sort of column on which burned a solitary lamp, though without it was still daylight. The weather had seemed oppressively hot above ground, but now he shivered with the chilling dampness of the place, while the confined air and mouldy smell rendered him sick and giddy. He paced up and down the cell, he could not tell how long, but it seemed many hours, wondering if his new friend would really come.

While leaning against the column for a moment's rest, the door of the cell opened, and he instantly recognised the American he had seen in the street. He suppressed a cry of joy, and seeing that the stranger did not look at him, though he stood close by the lamp, tried to affect indifference. The American, making

some remark in French, took up the lamp, and then added in English, "Let me see if I know any of these poor fellows," passed around the room, examining them carelessly. "No; no friend of mine," said he, replacing the lamp, and swinging his great military cloak around Mr. Judson, whose slight figure was almost lost in its ample folds. Comprehending the plan, Mr. Judson drew himself into as small a compass as possible, thinking that he would make the best of the affair, though having little confidence in the clumsy artifice. His protector, too, seemed to have his doubts, for as he passed out he slid some money into the jailer's hand, and again at the gate made another disbursement. As soon as they were outside he released his protégé and cried, "Now, run!" Mr. Judson quite forgot his fatigue from walking in the cell, as he fleetly followed his tall conductor through the streets to the wharf, where he was placed on board an American merchantman for the night. The next evening his friend returning, informed him that his place of refuge had been only temporarily chosen, and as the papers necessary to his release could not be procured immediately,

he would be much safer in the attic of a ship-builder, who had kindly offered this place of concealment. Accordingly he removed to the attic, from which, after a few days, he was released on parole. After about six weeks had passed he was allowed to proceed to England, and reached London on May 6, 1811. The Directors of the London Missionary Society received him very kindly, and he appears to have made a favourable impression.

At this time he was small and exceedingly delicate in figure, and his fresh complexion and dark brown hair gave him the appearance of youthfulness. From such a delicate-looking young man one might have expected that he would be weak in voice, but on the contrary, it was clear and strong, causing surprise to his hearers. An instance of this occurred during his visit. He sat in the pulpit of a rather eccentric clergyman, and at the close of the sermon was requested to read a hymn. This he did in such a sonorous tone that when the minister introduced him as a young American who wished to preach the Gospel to the heathen of the East, he added, "And if his faith is pro-

portioned to his voice, he will drive the Devil from all India."

The Directors of the London Missionary Society were willing to accept Judson and his friends for service under their sole authority, but were not disposed to enter into joint action with the American Board. Mr. Judson's instructions, however, were simply to confer as to the possibility of co-operation, and leaving London on 18th June, he arrived safely in New York on 17th August.

On his arrival in America, he found that the American Board had made no progress during his absence; that missionary interest was still lethargic, and that the Board hesitated to take up the financial responsibility which the enterprise would involve. Judson and his friends pressed the Board to come to a decision, and they were annoyed at his pertinacity. He preferred to go out under the auspices of the American Churches, but intimated that if they failed him he would accept the offer of the London Missionary Society. Judson's righteous impatience and action induced the Board to take definite steps, and the great missionary enterprise was floated. Judson and

his friends "were appointed missionaries to labour under the direction of this Board in Asia, either in the Burman Empire, in Surat, or in Prince of Wales Islands, or elsewhere, as in the view of the Prudential Committee, Providence shall open the most favourable door."

CHAPTER VII

Bound for Burma

ON the 3rd February, 1812, Mr. Judson took a final leave of his parents at Plymouth. His brother Elnathan accompanied him to Breton, the journey being made on horseback. At the time Elnathan was not converted, and while on the road the two dismounted, and among the trees by the roadside they knelt while Adoniram offered a fervent prayer for his younger brother. Four days later they parted, never to meet again on earth, but several years after Adoniram's prayer was answered, for the brother over whom he fondly yearned was born again.

Two days after bidding farewell to his parents, Mr. Judson was married to Miss Ann Hasseltine, and next day, the 6th, he was ordained at Salem in company with Notts, Newell, Hall, and Rice, for service in the mission field.

On the 19th, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr.

and Mrs. Newell embarked at Salem on the brig "Caravan," bound for Calcutta. When they left the shores of America it was almost four months before they saw land again, when their eyes rested on the mountain behind the Cape of Good Hope.

The passage was a pleasant one, and there were no adventurous incidents, but during those days at sea a subject came up for discussion which called for serious consideration and much heart-searching. It was the subject of baptism. Mr. and Mrs. Judson were Congregationalists, but with the new conditions which he must face on the mission field, this subject had to be considered. Mr. Judson has left a long record of his reflections from which it is only possible to give extracts.

"It was on board the vessel, in prospect of my future life among the heathen, that I was led to investigate this important subject. I was going forth to proclaim the glad news of salvation through Jesus Christ. I hoped that my ministrations would be blessed to the conversion of souls. In that case, I felt I should have no hesitation concerning my duty to the converts, it being plainly commanded in Scrip-



A TYPICAL BURMESE WOMAN

"Their whole appearance is attractive; they are polite, merry, and most fascinating. Yet they are devout, and are the business mainspring of the country seeming to monopolise the brain and energy of the race."

R. T. KELLY.



A SCENE ON THE BANK OF THE IRAWADDY

Groups of women may constantly be seen at the river's edge, having come there to bathe, wash clothes, or to obtain supplies of water in their chatties.

ture that such are to be baptised and received into Church fellowship. But how, thought I, am I to treat the unconverted children and domestics of the converts? Are they to be considered members of the Church of Christ by virtue of the conversion of the head of the family or not? If they are, ought I not to treat them as such? After they are baptised, can I consistently set them aside as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, until they are re-admitted? If they are not to be considered members of the Church, can I consistently administer to them the initiating ordinance of the Church?...

“I could not find a single intimation in the New Testament that the children and domestics of believers were members of the Church or entitled to any Church ordinance in consequence of the profession of the head of the family. Everything discountenanced this idea. When baptism was spoken of, it was always in connection with believing. None but believers were commanded to be baptised; and it did not appear to my mind that any others were baptised.”

It cost him a great struggle to yield, for it

meant a break with the traditions of his ancestry and childhood. He realised what grief it would cause his parents and friends, and that it would involve separation from his companions, who with himself had originated the great scheme of American foreign missions. But prompt and straightforward obedience was the keynote of his life.

In the discussion his wife took the opposing side, and declared that if her husband became a Baptist, she would not. She feared the unhappy consequences of his decision for believers' baptism. They knew that no Baptist organisation existed at home adequate to undertake a mission to the East, and being almost unknown to the Baptist community, they might find themselves without bread in a strange, heathen land. What anxious conversations they must have had aboard that brig!

On their arrival at Calcutta, both re-examined the subject, and were established in the conviction that to sprinkle infants was unscriptural, and that the baptism of believers by immersion was the true ordinance according to the New Testament.

The four missionaries arrived in Calcutta

on 17th June, and were warmly welcomed by the three famous missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, who represented the Baptist Missionary Society of England. The party were invited to visit the settlement of the English Baptists at Serampore, a town about twelve miles from Calcutta, up the Hugli River. Here they stayed for a little, and then returned to Calcutta and waited for the arrival of the other group of American missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Nott, Hall, and Rice, who had sailed from Philadelphia in the "Harmony," and who did not arrive until 8th August.

It was during this interval that the subject of baptism was again studied, and on 28th August Mr. Judson sent a letter to Carey, Marshman, and Ward, intimating his new view, and requesting to be baptised. The friends at Serampore were extremely surprised, as they were quite unaware that the subject had been agitating his mind.

When the four on board the "Harmony" arrived, it was found that Mr. Rice had also faced the subject of baptism during the voyage, and bowed to the truth of the New Testament.

On 6th September, Mr. and Mrs. Judson

were baptised by Mr. Ward at Calcutta, and Mr. Rice later in November.

Mr. Judson immediately wrote to the American Board, indicating his changed position and tendering his resignation. To Baptist ministers in America he also wrote, asking for sympathy and support.

Thus were they obedient to the written Word, and with no one to lean upon but the living God they went forward in faith in Him. Let us emulate their obedience and faith, that Christ may truly be Lord of our lives.

CHAPTER VIII

Difficulties that Defied

THE missionaries had not been long in India before they discovered that their presence was not welcome. India was then ruled by the East India Company, which was bitterly opposed to the introduction of Christianity among the natives. The Company professed to believe that the natives would be offended by the introduction of a new religion; but the truth is, that a good revenue was brought in from such shocking spectacles as the Feast of Juggernaut. The Company were most reluctant of giving educational advantages to the natives, and the disgraceful treatment of the natives by the English officials would present a glaring contrast to the godly lives and compassionate treatment of the missionaries. Happily, only a year later, when the Company's charter came up for renewal, through the efforts of Wilberforce and others, toleration for missionary effort was secured.

The opposition to the American missionaries was perhaps intensified because England and America at that time were not on friendly relations. Ten days after the arrival of Judson and Newell with their wives, the Company ordered them back to America. Such a reverse came as a fearful blow to the missionaries. The idea of returning to America was unthinkable, and nothing could be more fatal to their cherished hopes than such a command. They asked leave to settle in some other part of India, but this was refused. At this time they did not deem it wise to proceed to Burma, although directed by the American Board to establish a mission there unless circumstances rendered it inexpedient. The despotic character of the Burmese Government and the accounts which they received induced them to renounce the idea of a Burma mission, hence their desire to remain in India. Their petition being rejected, they then requested permission to go to the Isle of France (Mauritius), and this was granted.

The vessel then sailing to the Isle of France could only accommodate two passengers, and, by common consent, Mr. and Mrs. Newell

embarked. Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice remained behind for another vessel.

While staying in Calcutta, they were concerned as to the course they should adopt, and many quarters of the world presented themselves to their thoughts as suitable fields for missionary labour. Mr. Judson, however, appears always to have regarded Burma as the most desirable station, and the following extracts from a letter of Mrs. Judson show what was in their minds.

“We had almost concluded to go to the Burman Empire, when we heard there were fresh difficulties existing between the English and the Burman Government. If these difficulties are settled, I think it probable we shall go there. It presents a very extensive field for usefulness, containing seventeen millions of inhabitants, and the Scriptures have never been translated into their language. This circumstance is a very strong inducement to Mr. Judson to go there, as there is no other place where he could be equally useful in translating....

“But where our lives would depend on the caprice of a monarch, or those who have the

power of life or death, we could never feel safe, unless we always had strong faith in God. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we are perfectly willing to go if Providence opens the way. Mr. Judson has written to Mr. Chater, at Ceylon, to get all information respecting that place he can. Felix Carey has lately arrived from Rangoon, and wishes us to return with him as he is entirely alone, there being no other missionary in all Burma."

After residing in Calcutta for two months waiting for a passage, they received a peremptory order to proceed to England in one of the Company's ships, and their names were even printed in the official list of passengers. But a vessel named the "Creole" was just about to sail for the Isle of France, and they applied to the Government for a passport. This was refused. Then they told the captain their circumstances, and asked if he would take them without a passport. He replied that he would be neutral; there was his ship and they could do as they pleased. Under cover of night they boarded the vessel, but while sailing down the river they were overtaken by a Government despatch, who commanded the pilot to conduct

the ship no farther, as there were persons on board who had been ordered to England. They were forced to leave the ship, and took refuge in a tavern on shore. Feeling that it was not safe to remain there, they proceeded to another tavern sixteen miles farther down the river.

The following extract from a letter written by Mrs. Judson to her parents describes the incidents at this critical time.

“We had now given up all hope of going to the Isle of France, and concluded either to return to Calcutta or to communicate our real situation to the tavern keeper, and request him to assist us. As we thought the latter preferable, Mr. Judson told our landlord our circumstances, and asked him if he could assist in getting us a passage to Ceylon. He said a friend of his was expected down the river the next day, who was captain of a vessel bound for Madras, and who, he did not doubt, would take us. This raised our sinking hopes. We waited two days, and on the third, which was the Sabbath, the ship came in sight and anchored directly before the house. We now expected the time of our deliverance had come. The tavern keeper went on board to see the

captain for us, but our hopes were again dashed when he returned and said the captain could not take us. We determined, however, to see the captain ourselves, and endeavour to persuade him to let us have a passage at any rate. We had just sat down to supper when a letter was handed to us. We hastily opened it, and, to our great surprise and joy, in it was a *pass* from the magistrate for us to go on board the 'Creole,' the vessel we had left. Who procured this pass for us, or in what way, we are still ignorant; we could only view the hand of God and wonder. But we had every reason to expect the 'Creole' had got out to sea, as it was three days since we left her. There was a possibility, however, of her having anchored at Saugur, seventy miles from where we then were. We had let our baggage continue in the boat in which it was first taken, therefore it was all in readiness; and after dark we all got into the same boat, and set out against the tide for Saugur. It was a most dreary night to me, but Mr. Judson slept the greater part of the night. The next day we had a favourable wind, and before night reached Saugur, where were many ships at anchor, and among the rest

we had the happiness to find the 'Creole.' She had been anchored there for two days waiting for some of the ship's crew. I never enjoyed a sweeter moment in my life than that when I was sure we were in sight of the 'Creole.' After spending a fortnight in such anxiety, it was a very great relief to find ourselves safe on board the vessel. All of us are now attending to the French language, as that is spoken altogether at the Isle of France. Though it has pleased our heavenly Father to afflict us, yet He has supported and delivered us from our trials, which still encourages us to trust in Him."

Though difficulties defied, yet were they not daunted, and we cannot but feel deepest admiration for this brave woman.

The passage was a long and stormy one, and after six weeks sailing they arrived at Port Louis, Isle of France, on 17th January, 1813.

Troublous had been their pathway so far. What of the future? It is good that God kindly veils our eyes.

CHAPTER IX

Burma at Last

ON their arrival their hearts were wrung with anguish when Mr. Newell came on board to give them the sad news of the death of his wife. During their rough voyage, Mrs. Newell became ill. After having recovered, a baby girl was born; but a storm arising, the exposure of mother and child to the cold terminated their lives. When the physician informed Mrs. Newell of her approaching death, she lifted up her hand in triumph and exclaimed: "O glorious intelligence!" Thus died the first American martyr to foreign missions. A monument erected years later by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions marks the spot where both mother and child were laid in the heathy ground of Mauritius.

The stay upon the island was only for three months. Mr. Rice had already contracted disease of the liver, and as his health was precarious it was thought wise for him to return

to America to recuperate, and also to stir up the Baptists to interest in missionary work. He accordingly sailed to the United States in March, 1813. Mr. Rice was welcomed on his arrival with great affection, and was successful in a very short time in awakening such a spirit of missionary enterprise in the Baptist Churches that a large number of missionary societies were formed, and in April, 1814, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia. One of the first acts of the Convention was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving to their discretion to select a field of labour.

Mr. Newell, the disconsolate, broken-hearted widower, had already gone to Ceylon, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson were left on the island.

During their residence here, they witnessed such scenes of tyranny and spiritual darkness, that made them sick and sore at heart.

It did not appear expedient for them to remain on the Isle of France, and they were greatly perplexed as to their future course. They earnestly sought to know the will of God, desiring to know where He would have them definitely settle, and establish a mission station.

From the heart of Mrs. Judson there burst forth the cry, "O our Heavenly Father, direct us aright! Where wilt Thou have us go? What wilt Thou have us do? Our only hope is in Thee, and to Thee alone we look for protection. O, let this mission yet live before Thee, notwithstanding all opposition, and be instrumental in winning souls to Jesus in some heathen land."

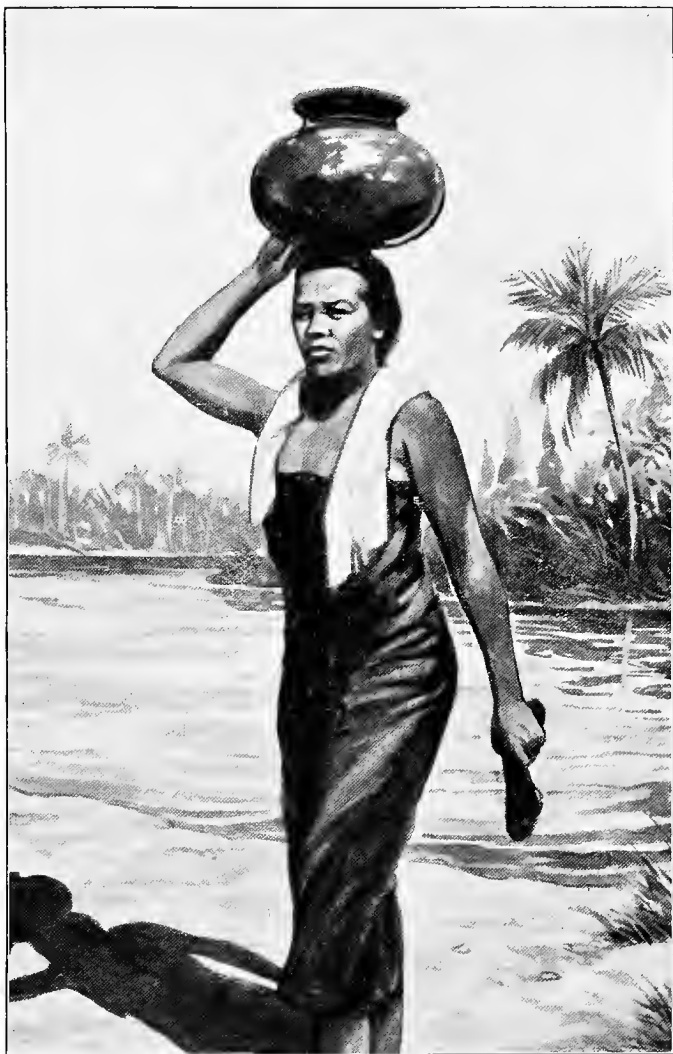
After long deliberation, Mr. and Mrs. Judson resolved to attempt a mission on Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, lying in the Straits of Malacca. As no passage to that island could be obtained from the Isle of France, they decided to go to Madras, and from there obtain a ship to Penang. On May 7, 1813, they sailed on the "Countess of Harcourt," arriving at Madras the first week in June. A hearty welcome was given them by the English missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, and other Christians in the city showed them much kindness. But here they again came under the observation and power of the East India Company, and having been reported to the police, it was practically a certainty that they would be arrested and ordered to England.

It was imperative, therefore, to leave Madras before any such order was issued.

“It may easily be conceived,” says Mr. Judson, “with what feelings I inquired the destination of vessels in the Madras roads. I found none that would sail in season, but one bound to Rangoon. A mission to Rangoon we had been accustomed to regard with feelings of horror. But it was now brought to a point. We must either venture there or be sent to Europe. All other paths were shut up; and thus situated, though dissuaded by all our friends at Madras, we commended ourselves to the care of God.”

That they dreaded the prospect is not to be wondered at. They were passing from under British protection into the cruel regime of the Burman despot, whose blood-thirsty and tyrannical conduct was notorious. Brave woman that she was, yet Mrs. Judson faced the future with trembling heart. Nevertheless, nobly, at the call of God they went forth.

The ship in which they embarked was old and unseaworthy, and to make matters worse, Mrs. Judson was ill. She was so ill as to need the services of a nurse, and friends in Madras



A GIRL WITH WATER CHATTIE.

Girls come to the river to bathe, of which they are passionately fond. They swim like fish in spite of their clinging lungyi, for they always enter the water clothed. They always bring a chattie, and return with it full of water.



BURMESE COUNTRY FOLK

The Burmese are possessed of a gay and lively disposition, and have often been called "the Irish of the Orient." The country folk are a simple, happy, kindly people, wholly untouched by either the benefits or evils of Western civilization.

procured a woman to attend her. To their utter dismay, this woman dropped down dead a few hours after the vessel sailed, and the voyage had to be pursued without nurse or medical attendant. On the voyage their first child was born, but succumbing, they had the sad duty of committing its body to the waters of the Bay of Bengal.

A tempest arising, Mrs. Judson became so dangerously ill that Mr. Judson feared she would never survive to reach their destination. But deliverance came, for the captain, unable to make for the Nicobar Island, was driven to sail through a little strait between the Little and Great Andaman Islands. The change from the tempest to the quiet channel brought immediate relief to the agitated and exhausted frame of the sufferer, and greatly assisted towards her recovery. Favourable winds gently wafted them forward until they cast anchor before Rangoon.

Several attempts had already been made to evangelise Burma. In January, 1807, two English Baptist missionaries, Chater and Mardon, established a mission at Rangoon. Mr. Mardon, after a few months, left the station,

and Mr. Chater was joined by Mr. Felix Carey, a son of the famous Dr. Carey. These missionaries and their wives were joined three years later by Pritchett and Brain, of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Brain soon died, and Mr. Pritchett, after a year's residence, left the station. Mr. Chater later went to Ceylon, and Mr. and Mrs. Felix Carey were left at Rangoon.

When Mr. Judson arrived, Mr. Carey was at Ava, where he had been summoned by the king to inoculate several members of the royal family.

"The prospect at Rangoon," says Mr. Judson, "as we approached was quite disheartening. I went on shore, just at night, to take a view of the place and the mission house; but so dark and cheerless and unpromising did all things appear, that the evening of that day, after my return to the ship, we have marked as the most gloomy and distressing that we ever passed. Instead of rejoicing, as we ought to have done, in having found a heathen land from which we were not immediately driven away, such were our weaknesses that we felt we had no portion here below, and found consolation only in looking beyond our pilgrimage,

which we tried to flatter ourselves would be short, to that peaceful region where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. But if ever we commended ourselves sincerely, and without reserve, to the disposal of our heavenly Father, it was on this evening. And after some recollection, we experienced something of the presence of Him who cleaveth closer than a brother; something of that peace which our Saviour bequeathed to His followers—a legacy which we know from this experience endures when the fleeting pleasures and unsubstantial riches of the world are passed away.”

Mrs. Judson was still very weak, and had to be carried to the mission house. From her own record we give the account of her landing on Burmese soil.

“We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that He was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning I prepared to go on shore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey’s house, as there was no method of conveyance except a horse, which I was unable to ride. It was,

however, concluded that I should be carried in an arm-chair; consequently when I landed one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near, and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout, which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the Custom-House. It was a small open shed in which were seated on mats several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

They were kindly received by Mrs. Carey into her home in which they resided. The

house, built of teak, was large and convenient, situated in a pleasant rural spot, half a mile from the walls of the town. Connected with the house were enclosed gardens, containing about two acres of ground, and full of fruit trees of various kinds.

In this quiet spot Mr. and Mrs. Judson found a home, and felt at last they had reached a place where they could labour for the Saviour.

CHAPTER X

Life in Rangoon

THE country in which they had come to serve is richly productive of all that is needed for food, clothing, shelter, or ornament. The chief crops are rice, maize, wheat, cotton, and indigo. There is an abundance of delicious fruits—jack fruit, breadfruit, oranges, bananas, guavas, pine-apples, and the cocoanut. The earth yields iron, tin, silver, gold, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, amber, sulphur, arsenic, antimony, coal, and petroleum.

The jungles swarm with wild animals—the monkey, elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, leopard, deer, and wild-cat. Venomous and offensive reptiles and insects abound.

The inhabitants of Burma belong to the Mongolian race, whose characteristics are, “long, straight hair, almost complete absence of beard; a dark coloured skin, varying from a leather-like yellow to a deep brown; and prominent cheek bones, generally accompanied by an oblique setting of the eyes.”

Unlike the generality of the Asiatics, they are not a fawning race. They are cheerful, and singularly alive to the ridiculous; buoyant, and elastic, soon recovering from personal or domestic disaster. With little feeling of patriotism, they are still attached to their homes, greatly so to their children. They are temperate, abstemious, and hardy, but idle, with neither fixedness of purpose nor perseverance. Discipline or any continued employment becomes most irksome to them. Yet they are not devoid of a certain degree of enterprise." They worship Buddha, Buddhism being the religion of the country.

The Government of Burma when Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived was an absolute despotism. The king had supreme power over the life and possessions of every subject. He could confiscate property, imprison, torture, or execute at his pleasure—his only restraint being fear of insurrection.

Before Mr. and Mrs. Judson could converse with the people or fulfil their hearts' desire in proclaiming the glorious Gospel, it was necessary to study the language. In this they were faced with tremendous difficulties. They

had few helps, and knew that their drudgery must be great before they could accomplish their task. Mr. Carey's translation of the Gospel of Matthew, and part of a grammar and dictionary, were their only books. There was no complete dictionary to which they could turn, and no interpreter to aid. They were able to hire an intelligent teacher, but as he could not speak English, their only method, at first, of acquiring the language was to point to various objects, the names of which he pronounced in Burman. Only by this tedious and discouraging process were they able to obtain some knowledge of the vocabulary and structure of the language. But with zeal and determination they pursued their studies, the hope burning within them of communicating God's way of salvation to those around sitting in heathen darkness.

One day Mrs. Judson visited the wife of the Viceroy of Rangoon, and we give her account of her reception.

"I was introduced to her by a French lady, who frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the Government House she was not up; consequently we had to wait some time.

But the inferior wives of the Viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity in minutely examining everything we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, etc. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe at her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented her cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children; whether I was my husband's first wife, meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that my husband, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country. When the Viceroy came in I really trembled, for I never before beheld such a savage-looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked

if I would drink some rum or wine. When I rose to go, her highness again took my hand; told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day, for I was like a sister to her. She led me to the door, and I made my salaam and departed."

At this time they left the mission house and moved into one in town, partly because of robbers, and also for the sake of being more with the natives and learning more of their habits and manners.

As they pursued their language studies they also studied the people. They saw a people labouring for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious government ever ready to seize what they had hardly earned. Others they saw diseased and sick, whilst the masses worshipped the idols and built pagodas in the hope of obtaining promotion in another state of existence.

This spurred the missionaries on to renewed effort, and while sometimes inclined to long for the fellowship and privileges of their homeland, yet as they looked around they praised God for blessed fellowship with Him and for the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

“Respecting our plans,” wrote Mrs. Judson at this time, “we have at present but one—that of applying ourselves closely to the acquirement of the language, and to have as little to do with government as possible. Brother Carey has never yet preached in Burman, but has made considerable progress towards the completion of a grammar and dictionary, which are a great help to us. At present, however, his time is entirely taken up with Government affairs. It is now almost a year since he was ordered up to Ava, which time has been wholly occupied in the king’s business. He has just returned from Bengal, and is now making preparation for Ava, where he expects to found a new mission station. His family go with him, consequently we shall be alone until the arrival of Brother Rice, who, we hope, will arrive in six or seven months.

“Our progress in the language is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease, and frequently spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing with our Burman friends. We have been very fortunate in procuring good teachers. Mr. Judson’s teacher

is a very learned man, was formerly a priest and resided at court. He has a thorough knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language, likewise of the Pali, the learned language of the Burmans."

Eight months after penning this letter Mrs. Judson became ill. The climate had begun to tell upon her, and as her condition became alarming, it was felt imperative for her to go to Madras for medical advice and change. She left in January, 1815, and was received by the missionaries in Madras, who bestowed upon her great kindness. Under skilful care she recovered and returned to Rangoon in April of the same year.

Four months later, Mr. Felix Carey, with his wife and family, left Rangoon to proceed to Ava, where they expected to live, only to be engulfed in catastrophe before reaching their destination. The brig which they boarded, and which contained their furniture, medicines, etc., had only been ten days on the river, when she upset and immediately went down. Mrs. Carey, two children, all the women servants, and some of the men servants who could not swim were lost. Mr. Carey endeavoured to

save his little boy, three years old, but finding himself sinking he was compelled to abandon the child.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were thus left alone without any friends, but they proceeded diligently with their studies, enjoying the presence of God, conscious that they were pursuing the path He had marked out for them. Mrs. Judson wrote to a friend:

“As it respects ourselves, we are busily employed all day long, and I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long with hardly any cessation.

“My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, etc. At ten my teacher comes; when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher at the other, reading Burman,

writing, talking, etc. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took on myself for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found by a year's experience it was the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language, as I am frequently obliged to talk Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows really more about the nature and construction of the language than I do."

In September, 1815, their loneliness was cheered by the birth of a son, whom they named Roger Williams. The little one entwined himself round the parents' hearts, and for hours he would lie on a mat by the father's study table, or by the side of his chair on the floor, if he might only see his face. After the daily studies were finished, it was their delight to carry the beloved child in the evening out into the garden. But, alas, their joy was short-lived. Eight months of sheer delight in their treasure, and then he became ill and was gone. Only He who reads the hearts could estimate the anguish with which they laid their darling

child in the soil of a foreign land, within an enclosure of mango trees.

But listen to the brave mother as in true consecration and submission she bows to the will of God!

“Do not think that I repine at the dealings of Providence or would wish them to be otherwise than they are. No, ‘though He slay me, I will trust in Him,’ is the language I would adopt. Though I say with the prophet, ‘Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,’ yet I would also say with him: ‘It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.’ God is the same when He afflicts, as when He is merciful; just as worthy of our entire trust and confidence now as when He entrusted us with the precious little gift. There is a bright side even in this affliction. Our little Roger is not lost; the little bud which began to open into a beautiful flower is now rapidly expanding in a more propitious clime, and reared by a more unerring hand.”

CHAPTER XI

Joy and Sorrow

THROUGH the strain of study, Mr. Judson's health began to give way. His progress in the language and in translation had practically ceased for several months because of distressing weakness and pain in his head and eyes. It was thought a sea voyage was the only means of relief, and he was on the point of leaving when he received the joyful news that Mr. and Mrs. Hough—who had been sent out to join them by the American Baptist Society—had arrived in India. On hearing the good news he decided to await their arrival in Rangoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hough arrived in October, 1816, bringing with them a printing press, with Burman type, a valuable gift from the Serampore missionaries. Their advent gave great delight to Mr. and Mrs. Judson. For three years they had been toiling at the language, and could see no direct benefit being conferred upon the natives through their presence. But they had been preparing themselves for use-

fulness. They had become so far familiar with the language that they could converse with facility, and Mr. Judson had prepared a grammar, two tracts, and had been working on a translation of the Gospel according to Matthew.

The prospects of the mission now became brighter. Before long Mr. Hough printed one thousand copies of Mr. Judson's tract, "A View of the Christian Religion," and three thousand copies of his Catechism. An edition of eight hundred copies of the Gospel of Matthew was also commenced and completed in May, 1817. Their hearts were also cheered by the first sign of the sowing of the good seed, the reward of toil with tears. What it meant to them after the years of drudgery and two years of preaching by Mr. Judson, words are unable to express.

There came one day to him a man who really desired to know "the religion of Jesus." After a long talk with him, Mr. Judson gave him his tracts and all that was yet available of "Matthew," the first two half sheets containing the first five chapters. Nothing was seen of this inquirer for a year, when he again visited the mission. Mr. Judson was away at

JOY AND SORROW

the time, and Mrs. Judson asked him whether he had become a disciple of Jesus Christ. "I am not yet," he replied, "but I am thinking and reading in order to become one. He accepted the remainder of Matthew's Gospel, and tracts, which she gave him, and departed. There is no record what became of him after this, but we trust he, too, will be counted in when the Lord makes up His jewels.

Mrs. Judson commenced a meeting for women, which was held every Lord's day, when she prayed with them and opened the Scriptures to them.

For the benefit of his health, and also with the object of obtaining a native Christian who could speak Burman to assist him in preaching, Mr. Judson decided, in December, 1817, to pay a visit to Chittagong, in Arracan. The voyage was expected to take only ten or twelve days, but the vessel was detained by contrary winds, and, becoming unmanageable in the difficult navigation along the coast, the captain changed his course and sailed for Madras. At the end of three months they were still trying in vain to reach land. Their provisions had run short, and the mouldy rice picked up from

native vessels in small quantities, with a limited supply of water, was their sole sustenance.

Under the continued hardships Mr. Judson's health broke down, and being attacked by a slow fever, he lay alone in his berth amidst filth, pain, and starvation, in a state of passive and monotonous suffering, begging continually for water without obtaining enough to quench his devouring thirst for a moment.

At length the vessel came to anchor, not at Madras, but in the road at Masulipatam, three miles from the low beach. When the captain came to inquire if he would be taken on shore, he was so low that he could hardly take any interest in, or even credit the report of land. It seemed only one of his many fitful dreams. After some urging, he roused himself to pencil a note to "any English resident of Masulipatam," begging only for a place on shore to die. After a while one of the men came below to tell him that a boat was approaching from the shore. He now succeeded in crawling to the window of his cabin, from which he distinguished in the rapidly moving boat, both the red coat of the military and the white

jacket of the civilian. In a thrill of awakened hope and joy, he burst into tears. Before his new friends were fairly on board he had in some measure regained his self-control; but he used to say to Mrs. Judson, "The white face of an Englishman never looked to me so beautiful, so like my conception of what angel faces are, as when those strangers entered my cabin." They were very much shocked when they gazed upon his wretched condition. He was haggard, unshaven, dirty, and so weak he could scarcely support his own weight. One of the officers took him to his own house and supplied all his wants with a generosity never forgotten by him. But he was now three hundred miles from Madras, the only port from whence he could hope for a safe return to Rangoon. He was obliged to perform his journey overland by means of a palanquin, as soon as his health would permit.

At Madras he was compelled to wait month after month for a vessel, and all the kindness of Christian friends could hardly make the delay supportable, while thoughts of the mission and the agonising suspense which Mrs. Judson must be enduring tortured him. Not

till July did he obtain a vessel, and reached Rangoon on 2nd August, after an absence of seven months.

In the meantime Mrs. Judson had heard nothing of her husband except the alarming news that neither he nor his vessel had been heard of at their destined port. We can imagine what agonies this occasioned her.

Events, too, were occurring which nearly destroyed the infant mission, and only the over-ruling of God and the heroic firmness of Mrs. Judson prevented the abandonment of Rangoon as a mission station.

The local government assumed a threatening attitude towards the mission, and summoned Mr. Hough to the court house to give an account of himself. Again and again he had to appear, until Mrs. Judson appealed to the Viceroy, who ordered that they should be molested no more. Cholera also raging in the town, and rumours of war with Britain causing the English ships to leave the port, induced Mr. Hough to think it wiser for them to leave and go to Bengal. Mrs. Judson, however, was averse to this proposal, preferring to remain at the station and await Mr. Judson's return, if he

were yet alive. After some time she was prevailed upon to embark for Bengal with Mr. and Mrs. Hough and family, although she yielded with the greatest reluctance. The vessel was several days in going down the river, and on the point of putting out to sea the captain discovered she was in a dangerous state because of being improperly loaded. Finding this would mean a delay of a day or two, Mrs. Judson decided to give up the voyage and return to Rangoon. The captain gave her a boat for the purpose, and on her return, she was hailed with delight by the Burmans left on the premises. In her decision to return, she was guarded from taking a false step. Her courage and constancy were rewarded, for in a few days Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon, and they entered into the joy of re-union.

Mr. and Mrs. Hough sailed for Bengal, taking the printing press with them.

A few weeks later, September, 1818, Messrs. Colman and Wheelock, with their wives, arrived to join in the work. The clouds threatening the mission were dispersed, and the missionaries strengthened to go forward in the work.

CHAPTER XII

Sowing and Reaping

FOR several years now the mission had been established, and having acquired fluency in the language, Mr. Judson desired greater opportunities to preach the Gospel to the people. With this object in view he resolved to erect a small building called a "Zayat," near a road leading to one of the pagodas where crowds of people passed by. The attempt was hazardous, as it was well known that a renunciation of the established religion would likely be punished with death. But trusting to the Lord they went forward.

In April, 1818, the Zayat was opened, and a new era in the mission commenced. Giving a description of the Zayat, Mrs. Judson writes:

"The Zayat is situated thirty or forty rods from the mission house, and in dimensions is twenty-seven feet by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road, without doors, win-

dows or a partition on the front, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long and says to passers-by: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' etc. The next and middle division is a large, airy room, with four doors, and four windows opening in opposite directions; made entirely of boards, and is whitewashed, to distinguish it from the other Zayats around us.

"In this room we have public worship in Burman on the Sabbath; and in the middle of which I am now situated at my writing table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his blackboard, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the curious sounds of the language. The third and last division is only an entry way which opens into the garden leading to the mission house."

The 30th of April, 1819, was a memorable day in the history of the mission, when MOUNG NAU, the first convert, made his first visit to the Zayat. Writing in his journal a month later, Mr. Judson says of him:

"MOUNG NAU has been with me several hours. I begin to think that the grace of God has

reached his heart. He expresses sentiments of repentance for his sins, and faith in the Saviour. The substance of his profession is, that from all the darkness and uncleanness, and sins, of his whole life he has found no other Saviour but Jesus Christ, nowhere else can he look for salvation; and therefore he proposes to adhere to Christ and worship Him all his life long.

“It seems too much to believe that God has begun to manifest His grace to the Burmans, but this day I could not resist the delightful conviction that this is really the case. Praise and glory be to His Name for evermore. Amen.

“May 6. MOUNG NAU was again with me a great part of the day. He appears to be slowly growing in religious knowledge, and manifests a teachable, humble spirit, ready to believe all that Christ has said, and obey all that He has commanded.

“May 8. Burman day of worship. Thronged with visitors throughout the day. Had more or less company without intermission for about eight hours. Several heard much of the Gospel and engaged to come again. MOUNG NAU was

with me a great part of the day, and assisted me much in explaining things to new comers. Towards night a man came in by the name of MOUNG SHWA Oo, whom I think it time to mention, particularly as he has visited me several times, and though, like MOUNG NAU, apparently backward at first, he appears to be really thoughtful.

“May 9. Lord’s Day. MOUNG SHWA Oo came in the morning, and stayed through the whole day. In the course of conversation, MOUNG NAU declared himself a disciple of Christ, in presence of a considerable number; and even MOUNG SHWA Oo appeared to incline the same way.

“May 13. MOUNG SHWA DOAN, a man who has attended two Sundays, and made some occasional visits, was with me several hours. He professes to have felt the truth of this religion ever since he first heard about it, and now desires to be a disciple of Christ; he had obtained, I find, considerable knowledge of the Christian system, but does not appear to have much sense of his own sins. May the Spirit teach him what man cannot.

“June 20. To-day, MOUNG SHWA DOAN

appeared again, after an absence of several weeks, and a little revived our hopes concerning him."

June 26, 1819, was a day of unutterable joy to the missionaries, when the first convert was baptised. This convert, Moug Nau, afterwards became a valuable assistant to Mr. Judson, and was eager to win others to Christ.

Two months later the mission lost the services of Mr. Wheelock. He fell ill, and with his wife embarked for Bengal. The state of his health gave them no hope that he would be able to return. He had only been on board a few days when fever deprived him of his reason, and in his delirium he plunged into the sea and was drowned.

In our limited space it is not possible to detail the many conversations held by Mr. Judson with frequenters of the Zayat, and we can only give extracts from his journal concerning those who earnestly sought to know the truth, and who became true believers.

"Aug. 22. After worship had another conversation with Moug Thaloh. He hopes that he is a disciple of Jesus Christ in heart; but wants to know whether a profession of religion

is indispensable to salvation. He fears the persecution that may hereafter come on those who forsake the established religion of the empire. I gave him such explanation as I thought suitable, and left him with the solemn consideration that unless he loved Christ above his own life, he did not love Him sincerely.

“His sister, Ma Baik, is in a very similar state. She has been particularly attentive and solemn in her appearance for some time past.

“Aug. 24. Another conversation with Moug Thaloh, which at length forces me to admit the conviction that he is a real convert, and I venture to set him down the second disciple of Christ among the Burmans. He appears to have all the characteristics of a new born soul, and though rather timid in regard to an open profession, has, I feel satisfied, that love to Christ which will increase, and bring him forward in due time.

“Aug. 27. The teacher, Moug Shwagnong, came again, and stayed from noon till quite dark. We conversed incessantly the whole time, but I fear that no real impression is made on his proud, sceptical heart. He, however, promised to pray to the eternal God

through Jesus Christ, and appeared at times to be in deep thought. He is a man of very superior argumentative powers. His conversation would probably shake the faith of many.

“Aug. 31. A man by the name of MOUNG ING has visited the Zayat five or six days in succession. At first a variety of company prevented my attending much to him, and he conversed chiefly with MOUNG NAU, and employed himself in reading Matthew. He once told MOUNG NAU that he had long been looking after the true religion, and was ready to wish he had been born a brute rather than die in delusion and go to Hell. Sunday, I conversed with him largely, and his attention during worship was very close and solemn. To-day he has made me half inclined to believe that a work of grace is begun in his soul.

“Sept. 3. A great crowd of company through the whole day; the teacher MOUNG SHWAGNONG, from ten o'clock till quite dark, with several of his adherents. He is a complete Proteus in religion, and I never know where to find him. After he was gone, MOUNG ING, who had been listening all day, followed me home to the house, being invited to stay with

Moung Nau through the night. We conversed all the evening, and his expressions have satisfied me that he is one of God's chosen people. His exercises have been of a much stronger character than those of the others, and he expresses himself in a most decided manner. He, too, desires to become a disciple in profession as well as in heart, and declares his readiness to suffer persecution and death for the love of Christ.

"Sept. 6. Spent the evening in conversing with Moung Byaa, a man who, with his family, has lived near us for some time, a regular attendant on worship, an indefatigable scholar in the evening school, where he has learned to read, though fifty years old, and a remarkably moral character. In my last conversation some time ago he appeared to be a thorough legalist, relying solely on his good works, but yet sincerely desirous of knowing and embracing the truth.

"Sept. 11. Moung Shwa-gnong has been with me all day. The latter part of the day we were chiefly employed in discussing the possibility and necessity of a Divine revelation; and I think I may say that he is half inclined to

admit all this. He is certainly a most interesting case. The way seems to be prepared in his mind for the special operation of Divine grace. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!

“His conversion seems peculiarly desirable on account of his superior talents and extensive acquaintance with Burman and Pali literature.

“Oct. 23. At night Moug Thalaha and Moug Byaa presented a paper, professing their faith in Jesus Christ, and requesting to be baptised—but in private. We spent some time with them. They appear to have experienced Divine grace; but we advised them, as they had so little love to Christ as not to dare to die for His cause to wait and reconsider the matter.

“Oct. 29. The teacher came again after an interval of three weeks, but he appears to be quite another man. He was mentioned before the Viceroy as having renounced the religion of the country. The Viceroy gave no decisive order, but merely said: ‘Inquire further about him.’ This reached the ears of Moug Shwa-gnong, and he directly went to the Mangan teacher, and, I suppose, apologised, explained, and flattered. He denies that he really recanted and I hope he did not. But he is evidently

falling off from the investigation of the Christian religion. He made but a short visit, and took leave as soon as he could decently.

“Nov. 6. The two candidates for baptism again presented their urgent petition that they might be baptised; not absolutely in private, but about sunset away from public observation. We spent some hours in again discussing the subject with them, and with one another. We felt satisfied that they were humble disciples of Jesus, and were desirous of receiving this ordinance purely out of regard to His command, and their own spiritual welfare; we felt we were all equally exposed to danger, and needed a spirit of mutual candour and forbearance and sympathy. We were convinced that they were influenced rather by desires of avoiding unnecessary exposure than by that sinful fear which would plunge them into apostasy in the hour of trial; and when they assured us that if actually brought before Government they could not think of denying their Saviour, we could not conscientiously refuse their request, and therefore agreed to have them baptised to-morrow at sunset.

“Nov. 7. Lord’s Day. We had worship

as usual, and the people dispersed. About half an hour before sunset the two candidates came to the Zayat, accompanied by three or four of their friends, and after a short prayer, we proceeded to the spot where Mounge Nau was formerly baptised. The sun was not allowed to look upon the humble, timid profession. No wondering crowd crowned the overshadowing hill. No hymn of praise expressed the exulting feeling of joyous hearts. Stillness and solemnity pervaded the scene. We felt on the banks of the water, as a little, feeble, solitary band. But perhaps some hovering angels took note of the event, with more interest than they witnessed the late coronation; perhaps Jesus looked down upon us, pitied and forgave our weakness, and marked us for his own; perhaps if we deny Him not, He will acknowledge us another day more publicly than we venture at the present to acknowledge Him.

“In the evening we all united in commemorating the dying love of our Redeemer; and I trust we enjoyed a little of His gracious presence in the midst of us.

“Nov. 10. This evening is to be marked as the date of the first Burman prayer meeting

that was ever held. None present but myself and the three converts.

“Nov. 14. Lord’s Day. Have been much gratified to find that this evening the *three converts repaired to the Zayat and held a prayer meeting of their own accord.*

“Nov. 26. Ever since the affair of Moug Shwa-gnong, there has been an entire falling off at the Zayat. I sometimes sit there whole days without a single visitor, though it is the finest part of the year, and many are constantly passing.

“We and our object are now well known throughout Rangoon. None wish to call, as formerly, out of curiosity, and none dare to call from a principle of religious inquiry.

“Our business must be fairly laid before the Emperor. If he frowns upon us, all missionary attempts within his dominions will be out of the question. If he favour us, none of our enemies during the continuance of his favour can touch a hair of our heads. But there is a greater than the Emperor, before whose throne we desire daily and constantly to lay the business. O, Lord Jesus, look upon us in our low estate, and guide us in our dangerous course!

“Dec. 4. Another visit from Mounng Shwa-gnong. After several hours spent in metaphysical cavils, he owns that he did not believe anything that he had said, and had only been trying me, and the religion, being determined to embrace nothing but what he found unobjectionable and impregnable. ‘What!’ said he, ‘do you think I would pay the least attention, if I found you could not answer all my questions, and solve all my difficulties?’ He then proceeded to say that he really believed in God, His Son Jesus Christ, the atonement, etc. Said I, knowing his deistical weakness: ‘Do you believe all that is contained in the book of Matthew that I have given you? In particular, do you believe that the Son of God died on a cross?’ ‘Oh,’ replied he, ‘you have caught me now. I believe that He suffered death, but I cannot admit that he suffered the shameful death of the cross.’ ‘Therefore,’ said I, ‘you are not a disciple of Christ. A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether it is in the book. His pride has yielded to the Divine testimony. Teacher, your pride is still unbroken. Break down your pride and yield to the Word of God.’

He stopped and thought. 'As you utter these words,' said he, 'I see my error. I have been trusting in my own reason, not in the Word of God.' Some interruption now occurred. When we were again alone, he said, 'This day is different from all the days on which I have visited you. I see my error in trusting in my own reason, and I now believe the crucifixion of Christ, because it is contained in the Scripture!' Some time after, speaking of the uncertainty of life, he said he thought he should not be lost though he died suddenly. 'Why?' 'Because I love Jesus Christ.' 'Do you really love Him?' 'No one that really knows Him can help loving Him.' And so he departed."

CHAPTER XIII

Petition and Rejection

THE success so far of the mission brought great joy to the heart of the missionaries. Three Burmans had openly confessed Christ, and they looked to Moug Ing and Moug Shwa-gnong being yet counted among the disciples. Many of the people had heard the Word, and they waited upon God to give the increase. But with the growing fear of persecution, it seemed as if the work was likely to cease, and opportunities of proclaiming the truth be cut off. They decided, therefore, to appeal to the Emperor and seek to obtain his favour and protection.

Leaving their families at Rangoon, Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman set out for Ava, accompanied by Moug Nau, who acted as their servant.

They took with them some valuable presents for the members of the Government, and for the Emperor, a Bible in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, and each enclosed in a rich wrapping.

Proceeding up the River Irawadi, they arrived safely at Ava, about three hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon.

The following account from the journal of Mr. Judson gives the interesting story of this visit to the haughty monarch of Burma.

“Jan. 26. We set out early in the morning, and repaired to the house of Mya-day-men, former Viceroy of Rangoon, now one of the public ministers of State. We gave him a valuable present, and another of less value to his wife, the lady who formerly treated Mrs. Judson with great politeness. They both received us very kindly, and appeared to interest themselves in our success. We, however, did not disclose our precise object, but only petitioned to behold the golden face. Upon this his highness committed us to MOUNG YO, one of his favourite officers, and directed him to introduce us to MOUNG ZAH, one of the private ministers of State with the necessary orders. This particular favour of Mya-day-men prevents the necessity of our petitioning and feeling all the public ministers of State, and procuring formal permission from the high court of the empire.

“In the evening MOUNG YO, who lives near our boat, called on us, to say that he would conduct us to-morrow. We lie down in sleepless anxiety. To-morrow’s dawn will usher in the most eventful day of our lives. To-morrow’s eve will close on the bloom or the blight of our fondest hopes. Yet it is consoling to commit this business into the hands of our heavenly Father—to feel that the work is His, not ours; that the heart of the monarch, before whom we are to appear, is under the control of Omnipotence, and that the event will be ordered in the manner most conducive to Divine glory and the greatest good. God may for the wisest purposes suffer our hopes to be disappointed, and if so, why should short-sighted mortal man repine? Thy will, O God, be ever done, for Thy will is inevitably the wisest and the best.

“Jan. 27. We left the boat and put ourselves under the conduct of MOUNG YO. He carried us first to MYA-DAY-MEN as a matter of form, and there we learnt that the Emperor had been privately apprised of our arrival, and said, ‘Let them be introduced.’ We, therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate

we were detained a long time, until the various officials were satisfied that we had a right to enter, after which we deposited a present for the private minister of State, MOUNG ZAH, and were ushered into his private apartments in the palace yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object, and told him that we were missionaries or propagators of religion; that we wished to appear before the Emperor and present our Sacred Books, accompanied with a petition. He took the petition into his hand, looked over about half of it, and then familiarly asked several questions about our God and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis, someone announced that the golden foot was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up and put on his robes of State, saying that he must seize the moment to present us to the Emperor. We now found that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Kathays, and the very hour when his majesty

was coming forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the minister was dressed he just said, 'How can you propagating religion in this Empire? But come along.'

"Our hearts sunk at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendour and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other, and Moungh Yo and another officer of Mya-day-men sat a little behind. The scene to which we were introduced surpassed our expectation. The spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of State. Our situation prevented us from seeing the further avenue of the hall, but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the Emperor was about to inspect. We remained about five minutes, when every one put himself into the most respectful attitude,

and Moug Yo whispered that his majesty had entered. We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended—in solitary grandeur—exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive, and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly riveted our attention. He strode on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us: ‘Who are these?’ ‘The teachers, great king,’ I replied. ‘What, you speak Burman—the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you like the Portuguese priest? Are you married? Why do you dress so?’ These and some other similar questions we answered, when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting

on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. MOUNG ZAH now began to read the petition.

“The Emperor heard this petition, and stretched out his hand. MOUNG ZAH crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through. In the meantime I gave MOUNG ZAH an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the Emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back, without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of His grace. ‘O have mercy on Burma! Have mercy on her king!’ But, alas! the time was not yet come. He read the tract long enough to read the first two sentences, which assert, that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that beside Him there is no God; and then with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! MOUNG ZAH stooped forward, picked it up and handed it to us. MOUNG YO made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which

composed our present and displaying its beauty, but his majesty took no notice.

“Our fate was decided. After a few moments MOUNG ZAH interpreted his royal master’s will in the following terms: ‘In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them—take them away!’ ”

Something having been said about Mr. Colman’s knowledge of medicine, the king directed him to be examined by his physician, who, being a Portuguese priest, soon ascertained that he was possessed of no wonderful secret which would secure the king from disease and make him live for ever. They were therefore allowed to take leave and return to their boat.

After making several ineffectual attempts to reach the Emperor, they began their return journey, and arrived at Rangoon on 18th February. They were sad at heart because of the failure of their visit. The Emperor’s refusal for them to propagate the Gospel meant that any Burman renouncing Buddhism would incur his displeasure.

Mr. Judson decided to remove the mission to Chittagong, where under British protection he could preach Christ to a Burmese-speaking population. Gathering the converts together, he informed them of the failure at Ava, and of his intention; but to his great surprise the converts, instead of wavering, stood firm, expressing their willingness to suffer even unto death for Christ's sake. "Do stay with us for a few months," they entreated. "Do stay until there are eight or ten disciples; then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest; we shall not be concerned about the event; though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself; the Emperor cannot stop it."

This heroic attitude greatly cheered the missionaries, and it was resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Judson should remain, but that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should go to Chittagong, and form a station there, where the missionaries and converts might find a refuge should the position prove untenable. Mr. and Mrs. Colman proceeded to Chittagong on March 27, 1820, where they arrived in June; but Mr. Colman died a month later, and his widow then went to Bengal.

Whilst they were on their journey to Chittagong a new convert, MOUNG SHWA-BA, was baptised. Some time after he was taken into the service of the mission, and proved a valuable helper.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were again left without colleagues, but with the three converts they battled against the heathenism around, and in this dark hour the Holy Spirit worked mightily. Within five months seven more were converted and baptised, including the learned sceptic, MOUNG SHWA-GNONG, and the first woman convert, MAH-MEN-LA. The Church of three rapidly developed into a Church of ten.

But just when the work was progressing Mrs. Judson's health gave way, and it became imperative for Mr. Judson to take her to Calcutta in order to save her life. For three months they resided at Serampore, enjoying the hospitality of the English missionaries, and then returned to Rangoon. They received a great welcome from the converts, and plunged once more into the work.

Later on it became Mr. Judson's painful duty to send his wife to America. Her condition was such that if life was to be pro-

longed it was essential she should go home on furlough. The parting was painful to both, and for Mrs. Judson it was hard to leave Rangoon, even to go to America. She sailed thence, by way of England, where she was kindly entertained, and arrived in America, September, 1822. There in the homeland she stayed until June, 1823. In that year Brown University conferred upon Mr. Judson the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which, however, he declined, but nevertheless was known afterwards as Dr. Judson. Mrs. Judson's visit aroused great missionary enthusiasm, and on her return to Burma she was accompanied by two newly appointed missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wade.

During her absence Mr. Judson was alone for nearly four months, and then was cheered by the arrival of Dr. Jonathan Price and his family to join the mission. About a month later Mr. Hough and his family returned from Calcutta. Only five months after her arrival Mrs. Price died, and was buried by the side of Mrs. Judson's little Roger.

Dr. Price's medical skill, especially in performing operations for cataracts, attracted the

attention of the Burman Emperor, and he was summoned to appear at the royal court. Mr. Judson, ever with the idea of expansion, thought it best to accompany him with a view to obtaining permission to plant a mission station in the capital. On August, 1822, they set out for Ava, the Government meeting their expenses. Prior to this journey the Church at Rangoon had grown from ten to eighteen members.

Five months were spent at Ava, and then they returned to Rangoon. The Emperor had kindly received them, and being impressed by the medical knowledge, invited them to make their residence at the capital. The way now seemed open to establish a mission at Ava, and it appeared as if Mr. Judson's desire was now to be gratified.

But before going to Ava he must await Mrs. Judson's return. In the interval between his return from visiting the Emperor and the arrival of his wife at Rangoon, he completed the translation of the New Testament in Burmese, and prepared an epitome of the Old Testament which might serve as an introduction to the New.

Eight days after Mrs. Judson's arrival they set out for Ava, which they reached on January 23, 1824. This marked an epoch in their lives. The pathway before Mr. Judson held for him not active service as he anticipated, but appalling suffering.

CHAPTER XIV

Tribulation and Testing

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Judson left Rangoon the prospects of the mission seemed eminently favourable. They had left behind a vigorous Church of eighteen, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Hough and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, and looked forward to intensive work in the capital.

A plot of ground had been granted on which to build a mission house, and Dr. Price had won golden opinions by his medical skill. In a fortnight from their arrival a house was built, into which they moved, and Mrs. Judson commenced a school with three little girls. Mr. Judson preached every Sunday evening in Dr. Price's house.

But a dark cloud was gathering on the horizon. War was impending between Burma and England, rumours of which they had heard before leaving Rangoon. For two years the Christians in America were kept in terrible suspense, unbroken by tidings from their missionaries in Ava.

The occasion of the war was Chittagong, which was under British protection, and which the Burman Emperor desired to possess. With this design, the Emperor collected an army of 30,000 men ; but the Bengal Government, anticipating the blow, sent in May, 1824, an army under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell, who attacked and captured Rangoon, and after a series of engagements penetrated to Yanda-boo, about forty miles from the capital. The near approach of the English troops, and the prospect of the speedy capture of the golden city, so alarmed the Emperor that he signed a treaty of peace, ceding a large portion of territory and paid a large sum of money.

While the British were advancing the missionaries were passing through a time of awful tribulation. Imagination could not have conceived the sufferings which tested their endurance to the utmost. We leave Mrs. Judson to give the history of this tragic time and tell of the bitter cup which they had to drink.

Writing to Mr. Judson's brother, she gives the following account :

"I commenced this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity

and sufferings at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror, the conclusion of this letter will determine. I had kept a journal of everything that had transpired from our arrival at Ava, but destroyed it at the commencement of our difficulties.

“The first intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops under the command of the celebrated Bandoola had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey we met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of golden war boats, one of which was instantly dispatched from the other side to hail us and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, not English, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his majesty.

On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favour at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then

at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king's manner toward him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had before expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure.

"Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house and commencing missionary operations as occasion offered, thus endeavouring to convince the Government that we had really nothing to do with the present war....

"For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. Judson preached every Sabbath; all the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

"On the 23rd May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the doctor's house on the

other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gouger, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. Gouger went to Prince Tha-ya-wa-dee, the king's most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his majesty, who had replied, 'that the few foreigners residing at Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested.'

"The Government was now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men under the command of the Kyee-woon-gyee were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the Sakyah-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed Viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither when the news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English; the only fear of the King was that the foreigners, hear-

ing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed as to flee on board their ships and depart, before there would be time to secure them as slaves....

“As soon as the army was dispatched, the Government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over. And who are so likely to be spies as the Englishmen residing at Ava? A report was in circulation that Captain Laird, lately arrived,” had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept a secret from his majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were called and examined. It was found that they had seen the papers, and they were put into confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some dreadful event.

At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be whether

they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners of the state of the country, etc. They answered, they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers or the Bengal Government. After their examination they were not put into confinement, as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their homes. In examining the accounts of Mr. Gouger, it was found that Mr. Judson and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence that the missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the King who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the 'two teachers.'

"On the 8th June, just as we were preparing dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry.

Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the King,' said the officer—a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. 'Stay,' said I, 'I will give you money.' 'Take her, too,' said the officer. 'She also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain until further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver and loosen the ropes, but he spurned my offers and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to MOUNG ING, to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the

torture of Mr. Judson, but instead of succeeding, within a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

“The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the King to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moug Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavoured to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the verandah and continually called me to come out and submit to his examination. But previously to going out I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was

finished, I went out, and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of every thing I knew; then he ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, and placed a guard of ten ruffians to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

“It was now dark. I retired to an inner room, with my four little Burmese girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavoured to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in stocks in a very painful position. I could not endure this, but called the headman to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning if they would release the servants. After much debate and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson,

and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guards, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

“The next morning I sent Moug Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the *death prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole to prevent them moving!

“The point of my anguish now was that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the Government to state my case; but he said he did not dare consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the King’s sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this Message, she ‘did not understand it.’ Which

was a polite refusal to interfere, though I afterwards ascertained that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the Queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavoured to soften the feelings of the guard by giving them tea, so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room without threatening, as they did the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor, in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

“On the third day, I sent a message to the Governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect, and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The Governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more



PALAUNG WOMEN OF UPPER BURMA

The females of one branch of the Palaungs wear brass rings around their necks, arms, and legs, weighing, it is said, 50 to 60 pounds. A few are put on in infancy, and others are added later. 18 or 20 are put around the neck, and these keep it always stretched.



A BUDDHIST PRIEST WITH HIS PUPILS

The Buddhist boys think it the height of their ambition to become monks. Buddhism fails in that while it cleanses the outside of human nature, it cannot give a new heart. It is like a beautiful image, but destitute of life.

comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance at the first glance presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside and endeavoured to convince me that myself, as well as the prisoners, were entirely at his disposal; that my future comfort must depend on my liberality in regard to presents; and that these must be made in a private way, and unknown to any officer in the Government. 'What must I do,' said I, 'to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?' 'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred ticals (about £20), two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison. I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged that he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time; but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

“I then procured an order from the Governor for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the Governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, ‘Depart, or we will pull you out.’ The same evening the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on, but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

“My next object was to get a petition presented to the Queen; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through

the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favour. But now times were altered; Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with the attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I; 'the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, having nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the King's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment, and is it right they should be treated thus?' 'The King does as he pleases,' said she; 'I am not the King. What can I do?' 'You can state their case to the Queen and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situa-

tion. Were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female, what would you do?' With a slight degree of feeling she said, 'I will present your petition. Come again to-morrow.' I returned to the house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, was taken to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me that they should *visit our house* on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them by secreting as many articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation lest it should be discovered and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter, I should not have ventured on such a step.

"The following morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, and another

nobleman, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all that we had. I treated them courteously, gave them chairs to sit on, tea, and sweetmeats for their refreshment, and justice obliges me to say that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to do, by saying it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the King. 'Where are your silver, gold, and jewels?' said the royal treasurer. 'I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver; do with it what you please.' The trunk was produced and the silver weighed. 'This money,' said I, 'was collected in America by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a *ky-oung* (the name of a priest's dwelling) and for our support while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable

that you should take it?' The Burmese are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry. 'We will state this circumstance to the King,' said one of them, 'and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?' I could not tell a falsehood. 'The house is in your possession,' I replied; 'search for yourselves.' 'Have you not deposited silver with some of your acquaintances?' 'My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?' They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious which met his view was presented to the officers for their decision, whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn into the possession of his majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, etc. My little work table and rocking chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by

artifice and partly through their ignorance. They left also many articles which were of inestimable value during our long imprisonment.

“As soon as they had finished their search and departed, I hastened to the Queen’s brother to hear what had been the fate of my petition, when, alas! all my hopes were dashed by his wife’s coolly saying, ‘I stated your case to the Queen, but her majesty replied, ‘The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are.’ My expectations had been so much excited that this sentence was like a thunderclap to my feelings. For the truth at one glance assured me that if the Queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home attempted to enter the prison gate to communicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance, and for ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the poor fellow who carried the communication was beaten and put in the stocks, and the cir-

cumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony for fear of the consequences.

“The officers who had taken possession of our property presented it to his majesty, saying: ‘Judson is a true teacher. We found nothing in his house but what belongs to priests. In addition to his money, there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, etc., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them or let them remain?’ ‘Let them remain,’ said the King; ‘and put this property by itself, for it shall be restored to him again if he is found innocent.’ This was an allusion to the idea of his being a spy....

“Some months after your brother’s imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosure, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place were the coldest of the year, where he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied.

“After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison, and the Governor,

as before, and found I had lost considerable influence previously gained, for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred as he formerly had been. When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat and pillow had been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils.

“The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without a breath of air excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily application to the Governor, offering him money, which he refused, but all I gained was permission for the foreigners to eat their food

outside, and this continued but a short time....

“After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house and put up a small bamboo room in the Governor’s enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the Governor to give me an order to take Mr. Judson out of the large prison and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form, and also gave orders to the head jailer to allow me to go in and out all times of the day, to administer medicines, etc. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. Judson instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright, but a palace in comparison with the place he had left.”

It was at this time that Mrs. Judson was requested by the Governor to come and see him. She went, anticipating trouble, but found him very pleasant to her. When she

left him, to her consternation she found that all the white prisoners had been carried away, and the interview with the Governor was a plan to keep her out of the way. Only after painful search did she find out their whereabouts, and taking her three months' old baby, she followed after and found them at Oung-pen-la. The letter continues:

“I obtained a guide from the Governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with fatigue. The first words of your brother were, ‘Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here!’ It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapoorā, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the

jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said no, it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived; the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled water instead of my tea, and worn out with fatigue laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavoured to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison.

“As soon as I had gone out at the call of the Governor, one of the jailers rushed into Mr. Judson’s little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes excepting shirt and pantaloons, took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding, tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court-house, where the other

prisoners had previously been taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the Lamine-woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o'clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile when your brother's feet became blistered, and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the waters to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coal to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. Judson's debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners when about halfway on their journey, as they stopped for water, your

brother begged the Lamine-woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look was all the reply that was made. He then requested Captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulders as he was sinking fast. This the kind man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period, Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and seeing the distress of your brother, took off his headdress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapped round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, who was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and when taken out of prison that morning was in perfect health, but he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him

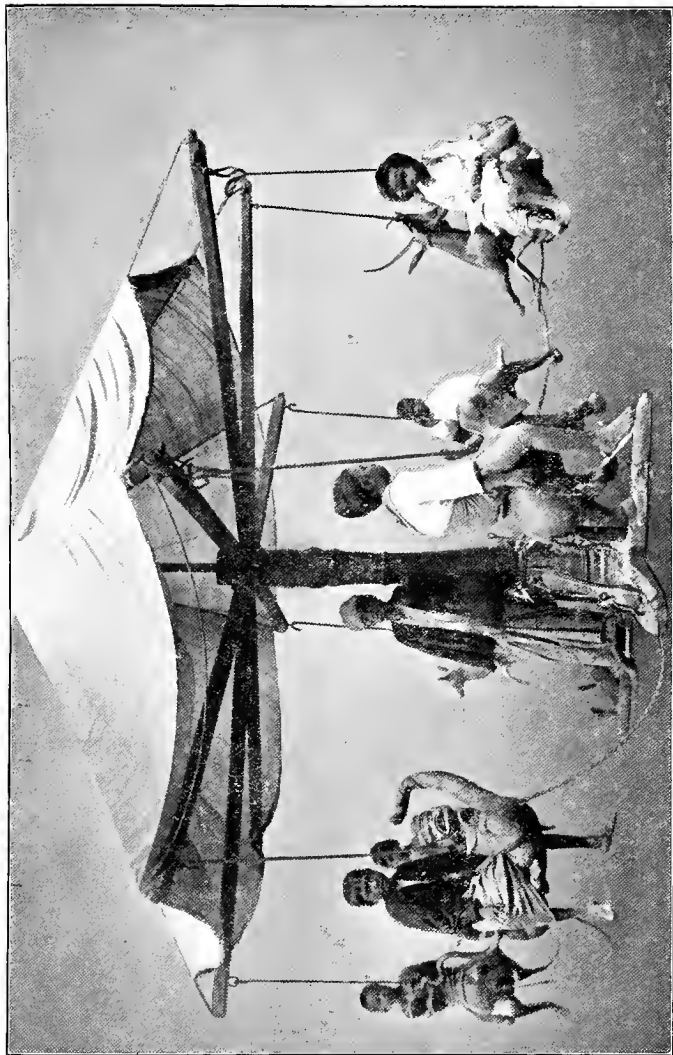
so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat him and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the courthouse. The Lamine-woon, seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no farther that night; otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat or a pillow, or anything to cover them.

“The curiosity of the Lamine-woon’s wife induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds for their refreshment, and the next morning rice was prepared for them, and, poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time the foreigners were entirely

ignorant of what was to become of them ; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they immediately, all as one, concluded that they were here to be burned, agreeably to the report which had previously been in circulation at Ava.

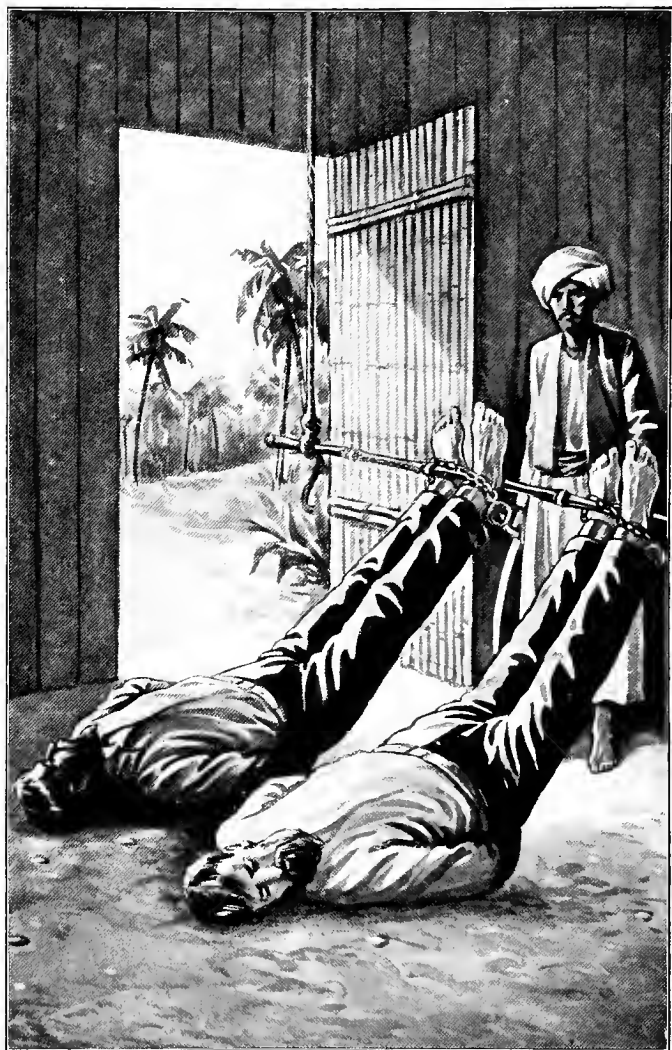
“They all endeavoured to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated, and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison that they had the least doubt that a cruel, lingering death awaited them. My arrival was in an hour or two after this.

The next morning I rose and endeavoured to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price’s friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry from Amara-poorra, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lanciego, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners ; and for dinner we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world I had brought with me, secreted about my person ; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our Heavenly



A BURMESE MERRY-GO-ROUND

The Burmese people are very fond of amusements, and a favourite with the children is a primitive kind of merry-go-round. Animals and grotesque figures take the place of the horses common to Western lands.



MR. JUDSON IN THE BURMESE PRISON

A bamboo pole was passed between their manacled legs and then hoisted up. In this agonising position they passed the night, tortured by mosquitoes.

Father was better to us than our fears; for notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers, during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced.

“While your brother was confined in the city prison I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectation. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine (a Burmese child) was taken with the smallpox. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood,

or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with smallpox that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same room with myself, I knew little Maria would take it. I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time I inoculated the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation of the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; she caught it from Mary. She was then only three and a half months old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder."

CHAPTER XV

Tribulation and Testing

“THE prisoners were at first chained two and two, but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, and a new fence made, and a large, airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the smallpox, but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson’s prison. In this debilitated state I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines and suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand, after

which it attacked me so violently that I had no hopes of recovery left, and my only anxiety now was to return to Oung-pen-la, to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the Governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set out for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks, with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

“I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house, but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the

little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp.

At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalese cook. A common Bengalese cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking, but he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook, and carry your brother's food, and then return to take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste food till near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

"Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her

of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison and take the emaciated creature around the village to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me, when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear, and, had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings. Sometimes our jailers seemed a little softened at our distress, and for several days together allowed Mr. Judson to come to the house, which was to me an unspeakable consolation. Then, again, they would be as iron-hearted in their demands, as though we were

free from sufferings and in affluent circumstances. The annoyance, the extortions, and oppressions to which we were subjected during our six months' residence in Oung-pen-la are beyond enumeration or description.

“It was some time after our arrival at Oung-pen-la that we heard of the execution of the Pakan-woon, in consequence of which our lives were still preserved. For we afterwards ascertained that the white foreigners had been sent to Oung-pen-la for the express purpose of sacrificing them, and that he himself intended witnessing the horrid scene. We had frequently heard of his intended arrival at Oung-pen-la, but we had no idea of his diabolical purpose. He had raised an army of fifty thousand men (a tenth part of whose advance pay was found in his house) and expected to march against the English army in a short time, when he was suspected of high treason and instantly executed without the least examination. Perhaps no death in Ava ever produced such universal rejoicings as that of the Pakan-woon. We never to this day hear his name mentioned but without an epithet of reproach or hatred. Another brother of the King was appointed to the

command of the army, now in readiness, but with no very sanguine expectations of success.

“Some weeks after the departure of the troops, two of the woon-gyes were sent down for the purpose of negotiating. But not being successful, the Queen’s brother, the *acting king* of the country, was prevailed on to go. Great expectations were raised in consequence, but his cowardice induced him to encamp his detachment of the army at a great distance from the English, and even at a distance from the main body of the Burman army, whose head-quarters were then at Malona. Thus he effected nothing, though reports were continually reaching us that peace was nearly concluded.

“The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend the Governor of the northern gate of the palace informed us that an order had been given the evening before in the palace for Mr. Judson’s release. On the same evening an official order arrived, and with a joyful heart I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred which made

us fear that I should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me; they still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from lending me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threatenings he finally gained their consent on condition that we should leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava.

"It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amaraipoora, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the Governor of the city. Having made all necessary inquiries, the Governor appointed another guard, which conveyed Mr. Judson to the court house in Ava, at which place he arrived some time in the night. I took my own course, procured a boat, and reached our home before dark. My first object, the next morning was to go in search of your brother, and I had the

mortification to meet him again in prison. I went immediately to my old friend the Governor of the city, who was now raised to the rank of woon-gyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burman camp to act as translator and interpreter, and that he was put in confinement for a short time only, till his affairs were settled.

“Early the following morning I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty ticals from the Government, with orders to go on board a boat for Malona, and that he had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way. I hastened back to the house, where Mr. Judson soon arrived, but was allowed to remain only a short time, while I could prepare food and clothing for use. He was crowded into a little boat, where he had not room sufficient to lie down, and where his exposure to the cold damp nights threw him into a violent fever, which had nearly ended all his sufferings. He arrived at Malona on the third day, where, ill as he was, he was obliged to enter immediately on the work of translating. He remained at Malona six weeks,

suffering as much as he had at any time in prison, excepting that he was not in irons nor exposed to the insults of those cruel jailers.

“For the first fortnight after his departure my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previously since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson’s services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation also would be much more comfortable than it really was, hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from the commencement, and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. The circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God, for though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when at

the time I most needed one and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made.

“My fever raged violently and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My head was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalese servant who took care of me to endeavour to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone that the Burmese neighbours, who had come to see me expire, said, ‘She is dead, and if the King of angels should come in he could not recover her.’

“The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly, but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. When in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in and informed me that his master had arrived and was conducted to the court house in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of Government, and to ascertain if possible in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons, and that it was reported in town that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison. I was too weak to bear ill tidings of any kind, but a shock so dreadful as this almost annihilated me. For some time I could hardly breathe, but at last gained sufficient composure to despatch MOUNG ING to our friend the Governor of the north gate, and begged him to make *one more effort* for the release of Mr. Judson, and prevent his being sent back to the country

prison where I knew he must suffer much, as I could not follow. Mounng Ing then went in search of Mr. Judson, and it was nearly dark when he found him in the interior of an obscure prison. I had sent food early in the afternoon, but being unable to find him, the bearer had returned with it, which added another pang to my distresses, as I feared he was already sent to Oung-pen-la.

“If I ever felt the efficacy of prayer I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch. I could make no effort to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great, powerful Being, who has said, ‘Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify Me,’ and who made me at this time feel so powerfully His promise that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

“When Mr. Judson was sent from Malona to Ava, it was within five minutes’ notice, and without his knowledge of the cause. On his way up the river, he accidentally saw the communication made to Government respecting him which was simply this: ‘We have no further use for Yudathan; we therefore return him to

the golden city.' On arriving at the court house, there happened to be no one present who was acquainted with Mr. Judson. The presiding officer inquired from what place he had been sent to Malona. He was answered, 'From Oung-pen-la.' In the meantime the Governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offering himself as Mr. Judson's security, obtained his release, and took him to his house, where he treated him with considerable kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow.

"The advance of the English army towards the capital at this time threw the whole town into the greatest state of alarm, and convinced the Government that some speedy measures must be taken to save the golden city. They had hitherto rejected all the overtures of Sir Archibald Campbell, imagining, until this late period, that they could in some way or other drive the English from the country. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were daily called to the palace and consulted; in fact nothing was done without their approbation. Two English officers also, who had lately been brought to

Ava as prisoners, were continually consulted, and their good offices requested in endeavouring to persuade the British General to make peace on easier terms. It was finally concluded that Mr. Judson and one of the officers above mentioned should be sent immediately to the English camp in order to negotiate. The danger attached to a situation so responsible, under a Government so fickle as the Burmese, induced your brother to use every means possible to prevent his being sent. Dr. Price was not only willing, but desirous of going; this circumstance Mr. Judson represented to the members of the Government, and begged he might not be compelled to go, as Dr. Price could transact the business equally as well himself.

“After some hesitation and deliberation, Dr. Price was appointed to accompany Dr. Sandford, one of the English officers, on condition that Mr. Judson would stand security for his return, while the other English officer, then in irons, should be security for Dr. Sandford. The King gave them a hundred ticals each to bear their expenses (twenty-five of which Dr. Sandford generously sent to Mr.

Gouger, still a prisoner at Oung-pen-la), boats, men, and a Burmese officer to accompany them, though he ventured no farther than the Burman camp.

“With the most anxious solicitude the court waited the arrival of the messenger, but did not in the least relax in their exertions to fortify the city. Men and beasts were at work night and day making new stockades and strengthening old ones, and whatever buildings were in their way were immediately torn down. Our house with all that surrounded it was levelled to the ground, and our beautiful little compound turned into a road and a place for the erection of cannon. All articles of value were conveyed out of town and safely deposited in some other place.

“At length the boat in which the ambassadors had been sent was seen approaching, a day earlier than was expected. As it advanced towards the city the banks were lined by thousands, anxiously inquiring their success. But no answer was given; the Government must first hear the news. The palace gates were crowded, the officers at the lut-d’hau were seated when Dr. Price made the following

communication: 'The General and Commissioners make no alteration in their terms except the hundred lacs of rupees may be paid at four different times; the first twenty-five lacs to be paid within twelve days, or the army will continue to march.' In addition to this, the prisoners were to be given up immediately. The General had commissioned Dr. Price to demand Mr. Judson, myself, and little Maria. This was communicated to the King, who replied: 'They are not English; they are my people, and shall not go.' At this time I had no idea that we should ever be released from Ava. The Government had learned the value of your brother's services, having employed him the last three months, and we both concluded they would never consent to our departure.

"The foreigners were again called to a consultation, to see what could be done. Dr. Price and Mr. Judson told them plainly that the English would never make peace on any other terms than those offered, and that it was in vain to go down again without the money. It was then proposed that a third part of the first sum demanded should be sent

down immediately. Mr. Judson objected, and still said it would be useless. Some of the members of the Government then intimated that it was probable the teachers were on the side of the English, and did not try to make them take a smaller sum, and also threatened if they did not make the English comply they and their families should suffer.

“In this interval the fears of the Government were considerably allayed by the offers of a General, by name Layar-thou-yah, who desired to make one more attempt to conquer the English and disperse them. He assured the King and Government that he could so fortify the ancient city of Pagan as to make it impregnable, and that he would there defeat and destroy the English. His offers were heard; he marched to Pagan with a very considerable force, and made strong the fortifications. But the English took the city with perfect ease, and dispersed the Burmese army, while the General fled to Ava and had the presumption to appear in the presence of the King and demand new troops. The King being enraged that he had ever listened to him for a moment, in consequence of which the negotiations had

been delayed, the English General provoked, and the troops daily advancing, ordered the General to be immediately executed. The poor fellow was soon hurled from the palace, and beaten all the way to the court house, when he was stripped of his rich apparel, bound with cords, and made to kneel and bow towards the palace. He was then delivered into the hands of the executioners, who by their cruel treatment, put an end to his existence before they reached the place of execution.

“The King caused it to be reported that this General was executed in consequence of disobeying his commands *‘not to fight the English.’*”

“Dr. Price was sent off the same night with part of the prisoners, and with instructions to persuade the General to take six lacs instead of twenty-five. He returned in two or three days with the appalling intelligence that the English General was very angry, refused to have any communication with him, and was now within a few days’ march of the capital. The Queen was greatly alarmed, and said the money should be raised immediately if the English would only stop their march. The whole palace was in motion; gold and silver

vessels were melted down ; the King and Queen superintended the weighing of a part of it, and were determined if possible to save their city. The silver was ready in the boats by the next evening, but they had so little confidence in the English that, after all their alarm, they concluded to send down six lacs only, with the assurance that if the English would stop where they then were the remainder should be forthcoming immediately.

“The Government now did not even ask Mr. Judson the question whether he would go or not, but some of the officers took him by the arm, as he was walking in the street, and told him that he must go immediately on board the boat to accompany two Burmese officers who were going down to make peace. Most of the English prisoners were sent at the same time. The General and Commissioners would not receive the six lacs, neither would they stop their march, but promised if the sum complete should reach them before they arrived at Ava, they would make peace. The General also commissioned Mr. Judson to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and ask the question whether they wished to go or

stay. They who expressed a wish to go should be delivered up immediately, or peace would not be made.

“Mr. Judson reached Ava at midnight, had all the foreigners called the next morning, and the question asked. Some of the members of Government said to him, ‘You will not leave us. You shall become a great man if you will remain.’ He then secured himself from the odium of saying he wished to leave the service of his majesty by recurring to the order of Sir Archibald that whosoever wished to leave Ava should be given up, and that as I had expressed a wish to go, so he, of course, must follow. The remaining part of the twenty-five lacs were soon collected; the prisoners at Oung-pen-la were all released, and either sent to their houses, or down the river to the English, and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson’s return we took an affectionate leave of the good-natured officer who had so long entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the water-side, and we then left for ever the banks of Ava.

“It was a cool, moonlight evening in the month of March, that with hearts filled with

gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irawadi, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth. The thought that we had still to pass the Burman camp would sometimes occur to damp our joy, for we feared that some obstacle might there arise to retard our progress. Nor werē we mistaken in our conjectures. We reached the camp about midnight, where we were detained two hours; the Woon-gyee and high officers insisting that we should wait at the camp, while Dr. Price, who did not return to Ava with your brother, but remained at the camp, should go on with the money and first ascertain whether peace should be made. The Burmese Government still entertained the idea that as soon as the English had received the money and prisoners they would continue their march and yet destroy the capital. We knew not but that some circumstance might occur to break off negotiations. Mr. Judson therefore strenuously insisted that he would not remain, but go on immediately. The officers were finally prevailed on to consent, hoping much from Mr. Judson's assistance in making peace."

The letter proceeds to tell how they arrived at the English camp, where they received great kindness at the hands of Sir Archibald Campbell. After staying a fortnight in camp, they left for Rangoon, and reached the mission house after an absence of two years and three months.

During his imprisonment, Mr. Judson recounts that for nine months he was in three pairs of fetters, two months in five, and six months in one. When night came on, the prisoners were "strung" on a bamboo pole. The pole was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had been threaded—the number seven in all—a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed their shoulders to rest on the ground, while their feet depended from the iron rungs of the fetters.

One leg rested on the upper side of the long bamboo, and with all its weight of shackles, pressed upon the limb below, producing, even after partial numbness had supervened, almost unendurable agony.

Mr. Judson could say with the Apostle Paul "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," for the scars remained to his dying day.

CHAPTER XVI

Sorrowing and Rejoicing

THE treaty of peace between the British and the Burmese was signed on 24th February, 1826.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson, now in Rangoon, turned to their life work with ardour, for Mr. Judson had rapidly recovered from the effects of his imprisonment. They found only four members of the native Church after the war had swept over Rangoon; Moug Shwa-ba, Moug Ing, who had served Mrs. Judson with such fidelity during her trials, and two faithful women, Mah-men-la and Mah-doke.

The object of Mr. Judson was now to remove the mission to some place under the protection of the British Government. On 1st April he left Rangoon, in company with Mr. Crawford, the British Commissioner, to explore the territory ceded by the treaty of peace.

They proceeded up the Salwen River, where they fixed on the site of a town and named it Amherst, after the Governor-General of India. On the 9th, Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon and made preparations for the departure to

Amherst, and on July 2, 1826 they settled for their missionary work in this new town. But before beginning, Mr. Judson again returned to Rangoon for the purpose of accompanying Mr. Crawford to the court of Ava. Mr. Crawford was about to negotiate a commercial treaty with his Burmese majesty, and Mr. Judson's object in accompanying him to Ava was to endeavour to procure the insertion of a clause in the treaty granting religious liberty to the Burmans. He was away about two and a half months, and this was one of the saddest periods of his life, for here he received the news that his beloved wife had died in his absence.

After his departure she had built a little bamboo dwellinghouse, and two school-houses. In one of these she gathered ten Burman children, who were placed under Moug Ing, whilst she herself assembled the few native converts for worship every Sunday. But in the midst of her labours she was smitten with fever, and her constitution, undermined by her recent hardships, was unable to stand the shock, and she died on October 24, 1826, in her thirty-seventh year. To Mr. Judson's great grief for the loss of "the first of women

and the best of wives" was added the disappointment of having entirely failed in the object of his mission to Ava. Thus passed away one of the bravest missionary women who ever lived, and whose loyalty to her Lord commands our deepest admiration.

The motherless babe was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Wade, who with her husband had arrived two months before. The child, however, only survived her mother a few months, and passing away, was placed beside her mother beneath the hopnia tree.

Two months after Mr. and Mrs. Wade arrived at the mission station, the missionary force was increased to five by the addition of Mr. and Mrs. Boardman.

Finding that Amherst did not present itself as a desirable centre, the mission was transferred to Mulmein, where they erected Zayats in different parts of the town for the preaching of the Gospel. The work progressed, although tremendous opposition was aroused, and in the year 1828, thirty members were received into the Church.

The arrival of fresh missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, at Mulmein, left Mr. Judson

free to push on with the work, and after a visit to Rangoon, where Mr. and Mrs. Wade had already gone, he went to Prome. For three and a half months he laboured there, but was ultimately compelled to leave through official opposition. Thousands of tracts, however, had been given away, and thus the good seed was sown. Once more Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon, and went forward with his translation work. In his journal on November 29, he wrote that he had revised the New Testament and epitome of the Old; issued a Catechism of Religion in Burmese and Siamese; a View of the Christian Religion; Liturgy; Baptismal Service; Teachers' Guide; Works on Astronomy and Geography; Table of Chronological History and the Golden Balance, or the Christian and Buddhist systems contrasted.

Another blow came to the mission in the death of Mr. Boardman whilst on a visit to the Karens, a people amongst whom Mr. Judson longed to propagate the Gospel, and where a mission station had been established at Tavoy by Mr. and Mrs. Boardman. Mr. Judson now went to Mulmein, and was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Mason, who went forward to Tavoy, and

Mr. and Mrs. Jones who went to Rangoon. There was much to encourage and delight Mr. Judson's heart at Mulmein. The Church had increased in number, and two million pages of tracts and Scriptures had been printed. The missionaries had made repeated journeys into the jungle, where a Church of fourteen members had been gathered at a place called Wadesville. At the close of 1831, Mr. Judson reported 217 persons baptised during the year: 136 at Mulmein; 76 at Tavoy; and 5 at Rangoon.

But Mr. Judson did not rest. He went on an itinerant to the Karens, who lived in the jungle behind Mulmein. The Karens were peculiarly accessible to the Gospel, being devoid of the pride and dogmatism which characterise the Burmans, and they also had a tradition that white messengers would come from the sea to teach them. To these people he journeyed, often at the expense of fatigue and danger, in his ardent desire that they should know God's salvation. The total baptisms for the year 1832 was 143: 3 at Rangoon, 70 at Mulmein; 67 at Tavoy, and 3 at Mergui.

In April of 1834, Mr. Judson married Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, widow of Mr. Boardman

While in Mulmein, Mr. Judson completed the Burman Bible. Seventeen years before all he had to offer the first inquirers was the first five chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew, and now the prodigious task was accomplished. "Thanks be to God," said Mr. Judson, "I have attained. I have knelt down before Him with the last leaf in my hand, and implored His forgiveness for all the sins which have polluted my labours in this department, and this, and in future efforts to remove the errors and imperfections which necessarily cleave to the work, I have commended to His mercy and grace; I have dedicated it to His glory. May He make His own Word inspired, now complete in the Burman tongue, the grand instrument of filling all Burma with songs of praise to our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen." Though he had given scrupulous care to its translation, yet he spent seven years in revising the first work.

On October 31, 1835, he was cheered by the birth of a daughter named Abby Ann, and eventually two sons were born, named Adoniram Brown Judson and Elnathan.

Mr. Judson wrote at this time: "My days

are commonly spent in the following manner: The morning reading Burman; the forenoon in a public Zayat with some assistant, preaching to those who call; the afternoon in preparing or revising something for the press, correcting proof sheets, etc.; the evening in conducting worship in the native chapel, and conversing with the assistants or other native Christians or inquirers."

Reaching his fiftieth year, and his twenty-fifth year in Burma, Mr. Judson's physique began to decline under the strain. When we remember all that he passed through, the matter for surprise is that he had stood it so long, which can only be attributed to the sustaining power of God. In order to recuperate, he went on a voyage to Calcutta, returning in two months with his health somewhat improved.

At the close of this year another son was born, named Henry. Mrs. Judson's health now began to fail, and the children also becoming sickly, it was decided to take a sea voyage. The voyage was filled with peril, on account of the ship striking shoals, but eventually they arrived at Calcutta, and went up to Serampore. The sea air had revived the invalids, but under

the hot climate of Bengal they suffered a relapse. Finding a captain proceeding to Mulmein via the Isle of France, they decided to sail with him. But before leaving Serampore little Henry died, and this sad experience shadowed their hearts as they embarked for home. The voyage to the Isle of France occupied six weeks, and, although a stormy passage, the sea air had its beneficial effect, and they reached Mulmein in improved health.

Here another son was born, whom they named Henry, after the little boy left in his grave at Serampore.

Mr. Judson now had⁹ to face another task from which he had long shrunk. The Board at home urgently desired him to undertake the compilation of a Burmese dictionary. Ardent for soul-winning and to be engaged in direct individual work, he had no desire nor relish for the seclusion which such a work would involve. But there was no one else qualified to take up the task, and failure of his voice, at this time, rendering him unable to preach, he with great reluctance turned to the work which was during the rest of his life to occupy a large part of his time.

CHAPTER XVII

Furlough and Fame

THE health of Mrs. Judson, which had been for some time declining, now reached the stage that a voyage to a northern climate offered her the only hope of restoration, and she was so weak that it was necessary for her husband to accompany her. Taking with him two assistants, by whose aid he could pursue the work of the Dictionary, either on shipboard or in America, they set sail on April 26, 1845, for their homeland. At the age of twenty-four Mr. Judson had left his native land, and now in his fifty-seventh year he was returning for his first visit.

They arrived at Port Louis, Isle of France, on the 5th of July. Here the health of Mrs. Judson appeared so improved that Mr. Judson and she determined to separate, he to return to Mulmein, and she, with the children, to proceed to America. What a heroic example of self-sacrifice! They were tenderly attached to each other, and had both known the pain of

lonely missionary labour, but if she was able to perform the journey alone, much as he yearned once more to see his beloved land, and much as he wished to accompany her, he did not feel himself at liberty to leave his post of duty. The two native assistants were therefore sent back to Mulmein, Mr. Judson expecting to follow them as soon as he had seen his wife fairly on board ship for America.

The appearances, however, proved deceptive, and Mrs. Judson's complaint returned with renewed violence, and finding it impossible to leave his wife, Mr. Judson decided to accompany her.

They took passage on the "Sophia Walker," bound directly to the United States, but Mrs. Judson continued to decline very rapidly until they arrived at St. Helena, where she passed away, on 1st September, 1845.

The "Sophia Walker," with Mr. Judson and his three children on board, reached Boston on October 15, 1845. On his arrival, before coming on shore, he was much troubled with the apprehension that he should not know where to look for lodgings. The idea that a hundred houses would be thrown open to him

and that he would be a welcome and honoured guest never entered his mind. He little dreamed of the reception awaiting him, and that his progress from city to city would assume the proportions of a triumphal march.

He was ill prepared, however, for such an enthusiastic greeting. He naturally shrank from observation, and also he had but six weeks before buried his beloved wife amid the rocks of St. Helena. The disease of his throat prevented him speaking above a husky whisper, and he had so long used a foreign tongue that it was very difficult for him to form sentences in English.

The desire to see him was intense. His sufferings at Ava and Oung-pen-la, and his labours as a missionary for more than thirty years had made the world conversant with his history. The largest Churches were thronged before the usual hour of service when it was known that he was to be present. His movements were chronicled in all the papers, both religious and secular. But naturally humble and shy, he found it exceedingly distasteful to be eulogised.

On one occasion an eyewitness relates that

whilst the returned missionary was listening to words of eloquent praise addressed to him in the presence of a great concourse of people, "his head sank lower and lower, until his chin seemed to touch his breast."

Great changes had taken place since he left for Burma. The railway system stretched across the country. One day he entered one of the trams, and had just taken his seat when a boy came along with the daily newspapers. He said to Mr. Judson, "Do you want a paper, sir?" "Yes, thank you," the missionary replied, and taking the paper began to read. The newsboy stood waiting for the money, until a lady passenger occupying the same seat with Mr. Judson, said to him, "The boy expects to be paid for his paper." "Why," replied the missionary with the utmost surprise, "I have been distributing papers gratuitously in Burma so long that I had no idea the boy was expecting any pay."

On the evening of the second day after his arrival, a meeting was held in the Bowdoin Square Church, Boston, when the following words of welcome were spoken by Dr. Sharp: "We welcome you to your native land; we

welcome you to the scenes of your early and manly youth; we welcome you to our worshipping assemblies; we welcome you to our hearts. As the representative of the ministers and private Christians present, I give to you this hand of cordial welcome, of sympathy, of approbation, and of love. And I believe, could all our denomination be collected in one vast assembly, they would request and empower some one to perform this service for them; or rather, each one would prefer to give this significant token of love and respect and good wishes for himself. Were it possible, and could your strength hold out, and your hand bear the grasp and the cordial shake of so many, I could wish that every one that loves the Bible and missions might be his own representative and give to you as I do, the hand of an honest, unchanging, and cordial goodwill."

At the close Mr. Judson rose to reply, Dr. Hague standing at his side and interpreting to the multitude these whispered utterances: "Through the mercy of God I am permitted to stand before you this evening, a pensioner of your bounty. I desire to thank you for all your sympathy and aid, and I pray God's

blessing to rest upon you. All that has been done in Burma has been done by the Churches through the feeble and unworthy instrumentality of myself and my brethren...It is one of the severest trials of my life not to be able to lift up my voice and give free utterance to my feelings before this congregation, but repeated trials have assured me that I cannot safely attempt it, and I am much influenced by the circumstance that it was a request of my wife, in her dying hour, that I would not address public gatherings on my arrival. I will only add that I beg your prayers for the brethren I have left in Burma, for the feeble churches we have planted there, and that the good work of God's grace may go on until the world shall be filled with His glory."

Dr. Hague then addressed the audience, but while he was speaking a gentleman pressed his way through the crowded aisles and ascended the pulpit. He and Mr. Judson embraced each other with tears of joy and affection. It was Samuel Nott, Jun., the only survivor, except Mr. Judson, of the group of seminary students who had originated the great endeavour of American missions. He was one of the five who

had first gone to India, but had been compelled to return to America on account of ill-health, and now after a separation of thirty-three years met his former fellow-student in these thrilling circumstances. The vast audience was moved to tears as it witnessed the affecting meeting of the two friends.

The missionary organisation which had sustained Mr. Judson in Burma held its triennial convention in New York in November, 1845, and welcomed him home. Mr. Judson, having been warned by his physician against public speaking, could only express thanks in a few simple, touching words. As the Convention proceeded, the proposition was made to abandon Arracan. Instantly Mr. Judson was on his feet. "Though forbidden to speak by my medical adviser, I must say a few words. I must protest against the abandonment of Arracan." These opening words were audible to all present. Then his voice sank to a whisper as he stated the reason why the mission should not be given up. His closing words were: "If the Convention thinks my services can be dispensed with in finishing my dictionary, I will go immediately to Arracan; or if

God should spare my life to finish my dictionary, I will go there afterwards and labour there and die, and be buried there." His words thus whispered produced a thrilling effect, and the Arracan mission was saved.

While touring in America kindling missionary enthusiasm, he met Miss Emily Chubbuck, who under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Forester," had achieved a wide literary reputation. The meeting began an acquaintance which ripened into an engagement, and they were married in June, 1846.

About six weeks after their marriage they embarked for Burma, sailing on July, 1846, accompanied by other missionaries.

CHAPTER XVIII

Sunset and Glory

FOUR months elapsed from the departure from Boston ere they arrived at Mulmein.

On 30th November, Mr. Judson again stepped on Burmese soil, and clasped once more in his arms his children Henry and Edward, from whom he had been parted more than eighteen months.

The Church at Mulmein had flourished during his absence, and he was able to send home an encouraging report. His heart, however, was still bent on leaving the territory under British protection, and entering Burma proper. He looked with eager desire upon his old field at Rangoon.

A new King was on the throne, who was opposed to foreigners, but he felt that at Rangoon he could proceed with his dictionary with greater facilities, and be in the midst of heathen darkness proclaiming the Gospel. At Rangoon, moreover, he could avail himself of

any favourable opportunity that might offer of proceeding to Ava. With these ideas in mind, he removed to Rangoon in February, 1847. Here he was able to hire a brick house, which Mrs. Judson named "Bat Castle." It was a dreary place, and destitute of all comforts. Writing to a friend, Mr. Judson says: "We have had a grand bat hunt yesterday and to-day, bagged two hundred and fifty, and calculate to make up a round thousand before we have done."

They had not been long settled in, when news came from Mulmein that the house in which they had deposited their best clothes and valuables had been burned down, and all their goods were consumed. But this man of God had been instructed how to abound and to suffer need, and his comment was, "All these things are ordered well."

Mr. Judson worked hard at the dictionary, and endeavoured to perform missionary work. This he found exceedingly difficult. The Government was intolerant of the Gospel, and the Governor of Rangoon received him not as a missionary, but "as a minister of a foreign religion ministering to foreigners resident in the

place, and a dictionary maker, labouring to promote the welfare of both countries. ”

The Vice-Governor of Rangoon, who was at that time acting Governor, is described by Mr. Judson as “the most ferocious, bloodthirsty monster” he had ever known in Burma. His house and courtyard resounded day and night with the screams of the people under torture. Missionary operations were therefore conducted with the utmost secrecy, and the converts secretly gathered to worship. “Any known attempt,” wrote Mr. Judson, “at proselytising would be instantly amenable at the criminal tribunal, and would probably be punished by the imprisonment or death of the proselyte, and the banishment of the missionary. ”

Amid these discouragements Mr. Judson pressed on. He felt, however, that the only hope of retaining a foothold in Rangoon was to go to Ava and petition the royal favour. He commenced preparations to go to the capital, but bitter indeed was his disappointment to find that because of a policy of retrenchment adopted by the home board, he was not able to proceed to Ava, nor remain in Rangoon. Under these circumstances the only course open to

him was to fall back upon Mulmein. With deep sadness of spirit he bade farewell to the few disciples he had again gathered in Rangoon, and turned his face towards his former station.

Returning to Mulmein, he gave himself with great energy to the work of the dictionary, and also preaching, as far as his health would permit.

His wife in one of her letters describes his indefatigable industry:

“The good man works like a galley slave, and really it quite distresses me sometimes, but he seems to get fat on it, so I try not to worry. He walks—or rather runs—like a boy over the hills, a mile or two every morning, then down to his books, scratch, puzzle, puzzle, and when he gets deep in the mire, out on the verandah with your humble servant by his side walking and talking (*kan-ing*, we call it in Burman) till the point is elucidated, and then down again, and so on till ten o’clock in the evening. It is his walking which keeps him out of the grave.”

He continued working at the dictionary until November, 1849, when he caught a violent cold whilst engaged during the night

in assisting Mrs. Judson in the care of one of the children who had suddenly taken ill. This settled on his lungs, and produced a terrible cough, with fever. Three or four days after he was attacked with dysentery, and before this was subdued a congestive fever set in, from which he never recovered. He was persuaded to take a trip down the coast of Mergui, which afforded only partial relief. He tried the sea at Amherst, but only sank the more rapidly, and then hastened back to Mulmein. It became apparent that his only remaining hope of recovery was a protracted sea voyage. To this proposal, however, he was for some time strongly opposed, more especially because it was impossible for Mrs. Judson to accompany him. But there was no alternative. It was a sore trial to leave wife and children when he boarded the "Aristide Marie," a French barque bound for the Isle of France. He was carried on board by weeping disciples, accompanied only by Mr. Ranney, of the Mulmein mission.

Unfortunate delays occurred in their progress down the river, after leaving Mulmein, before they proceeded to the sea. Meanwhile the precious life was ebbing away. Then came

head winds and sultry weather, and the distress of the sufferer became intense. After four days and four nights of intense agony, Mr. Judson passed into the presence of his Lord, on 12th April, 1850, and the same day his body was committed to the deep.

He died within a week of parting from his wife, and almost four months of terrible suspense elapsed before she heard of his death.

Mr. Judson was not permitted to see the Burmese dictionary completed. The English and Burmese part he finished, but the Burmese and English section was left incomplete. To a friend and associate in missionary toil, Mr. Stevens, the manuscripts were committed, and upon him devolved the task of completing the work.

But what a great monumental work Mr. Judson reared for God amidst tremendous difficulties and trials. Not only had he finished the translation of the Bible, but also had completed the larger and more difficult part of the Burmese dictionary. At the time of his death there were sixty-three churches established among the Burmans and Karens, under the oversight of one hundred and sixty-three

missionaries, native pastors, and assistants. Surely he had laid the foundations of the Gospel in Burman hearts which could never be overthrown, and a work was accomplished which shall redound to the glory of God throughout all eternity. He had fought a good fight; he finished his course; henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness; and not for him only, but for all who, like him, crown Christ in their hearts as Lord and Saviour, and yield to Him for His service, in absolute surrender and consecration.

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